

**The Topical Times**

# FOOTBALL


**BOOK 1985**






# CELEBR

## Newcast



DAVID MILLS—no longer a Newcastle player, but he'll never forget that day.



The players salute their delirious fans.

It was a  
for the Geordies when  
the First Division after a five year



# ACTION

## le Style



Happy smiles from players with plenty to be pleased about.



KEVIN KEEGAN and manager ARTHUR COX (now Derby County)—the partnership that brought success to St James's.

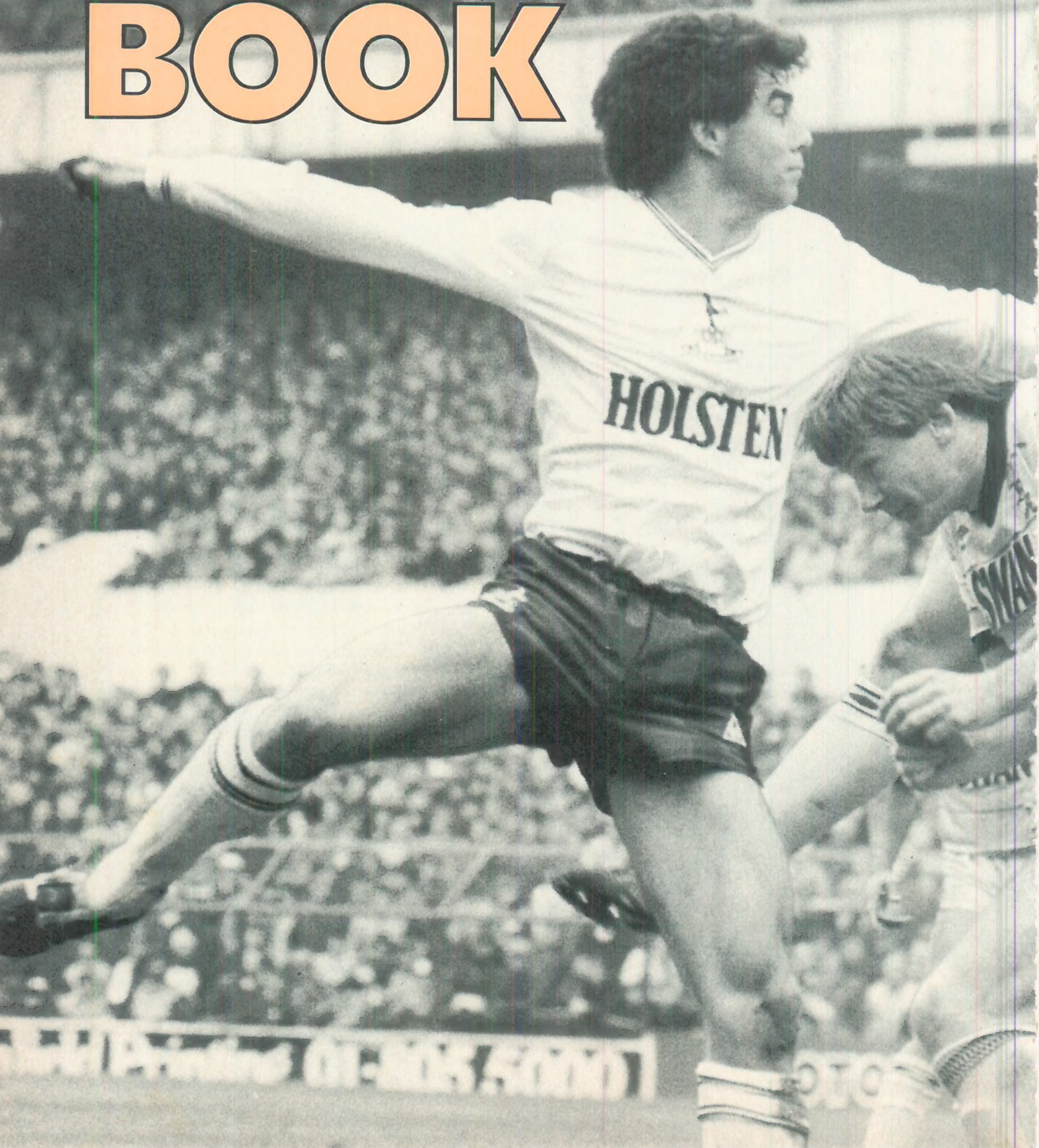
great day  
Newcastle returned to  
gap—and they celebrated in style!

£2.30



**THE TOPICAL TIMES**

# **FOOTBALL BOOK**







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**BRYAN ROBSON**  
Manchester United

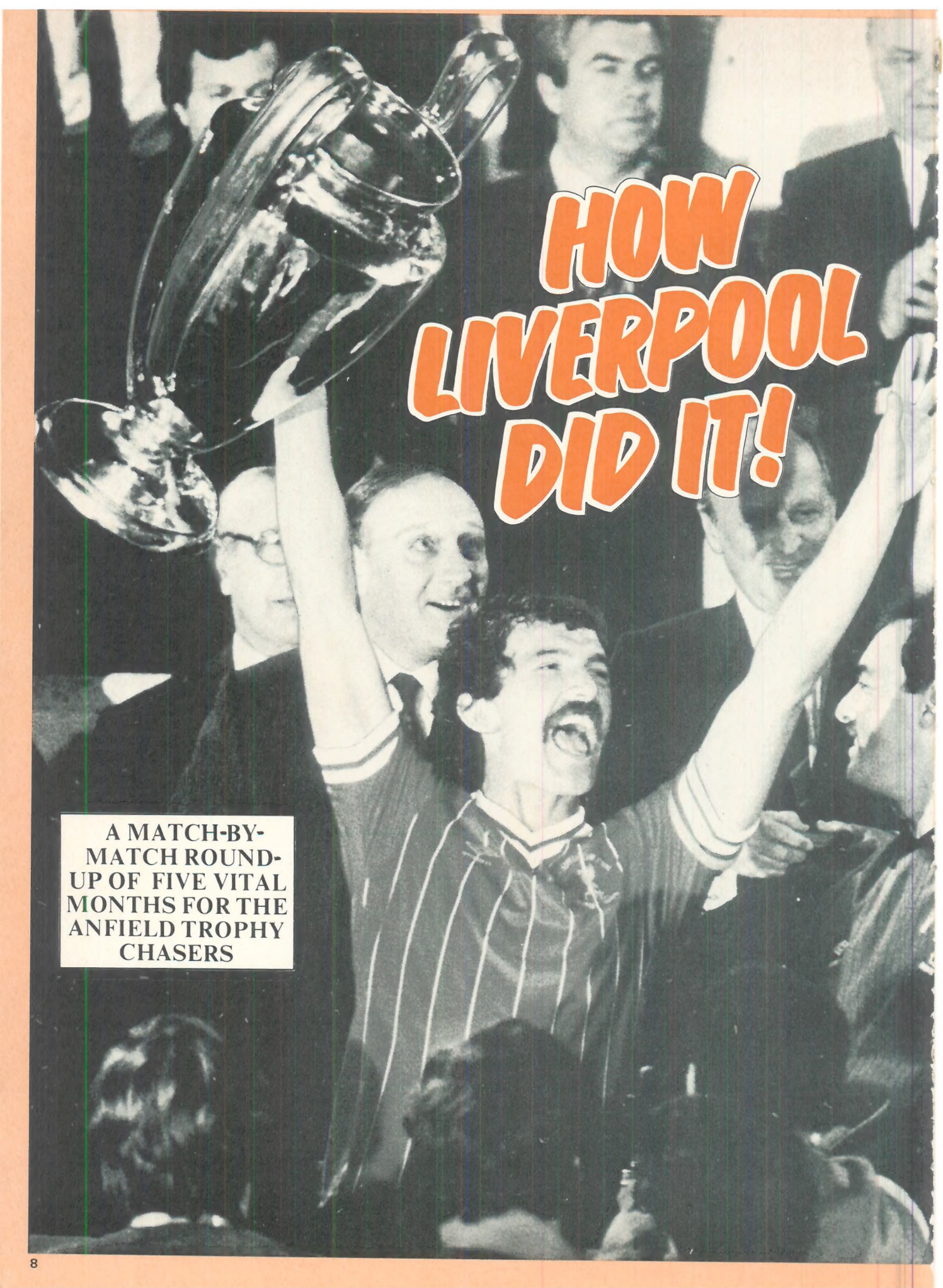






**GRAHAM RIX**  
Arsenal



A black and white photograph capturing a moment of triumph. A Liverpool player, wearing a dark jersey with light-colored vertical stripes, is the central figure. He has a mustache and is shouting with his mouth wide open. His right arm is raised high, holding a large, ornate silver trophy (the Anfield Trophy) above his head. His left arm is also raised, with the hand open. Surrounding him are other people, some in suits and others in casual wear, all appearing to be part of the celebration. The background is slightly blurred, focusing attention on the player and the trophy.

# HOW LIVERPOOL DID IT!

A MATCH-BY-  
MATCH ROUND-  
UP OF FIVE VITAL  
MONTHS FOR THE  
ANFIELD TROPHY  
CHASERS



## JANUARY

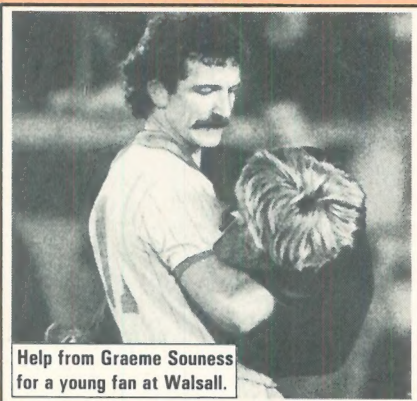
Liverpool go into the New Year three points clear of Manchester United but with a home match against their closest rivals as their opening fixture of 1984. It's a disaster. Not only are they held 1-1, but striker Kenny Dalglish is carried off with a fractured cheekbone. He will be out of action for at least eight weeks. However, the Anfielders bounce back in style as live TV cameras capture Kevin Keegan's return to the ground with Newcastle in the FA Cup. A 4-0 win installs the Champions as firm favourites for Wembley in May. Signs of that title crown slipping are in evidence, though, when bottom-of-the-table Wolves win 1-0 at Anfield a week later.

Liverpool squeeze past Sheffield Wednesday in the 5th Round of the Milk Cup after a replay and another live TV league appearance sees Ian Rush grab a hat-trick on a frozen pitch at Aston Villa. A 3-1 win appears to have settled the side back into a rhythm.

Optimism proves premature. In yet another televised match. Liverpool crash out of the FA Cup at Brighton, the team which scuppered their ambitions the previous season too. Graeme Souness limps out of the game and joins his Scottish team-mate Dalglish on the injured list. There is the usual wave of voices claiming Liverpool are past their best.

By their standards, it's been an indifferent January. But they still lead the First Division by virtue of the fact that nearest rivals Manchester United have won just one of their three League matches.

## FEBRUARY



Help from Graeme Souness for a young fan at Walsall.

A solid start to the month with a home win over Watford and a goalless draw at Sunderland. Then comes the Milk Cup semi date with Third Division giant-killers Walsall.

With the first leg at Anfield, the Midlanders are expected to be steam-rollered. Instead they turn on a superb performance and draw 2-2. In the tight confines of Fellows Park, Liverpool will have their work cut out to reach the final for the fourth successive season.

Ian Rush and Ronnie Whelan score in a 2-0 victory. But as Whelan puts away the second, a wall behind the goal collapses and the fans, shoe-horned into the terraces, tumble down on to the pitch. The players are taken off while casualties are cleared, but not before skipper Souness lends a concerned hand and carries one young fan across the field for treatment.

But a Wembley place is secured and their opponents are to be Mersey rivals Everton, who pip Aston Villa in the other semi.

Home League wins over Arsenal and Queen's Park Rangers, and another 0-0 draw at Luton keep them atop Division One.

All in all, not a bad month. But United keep close with an unbeaten run of five League games.

## MARCH

A 1-1 draw in the Milk Cup dress rehearsal at Goodison Park plus a 1-0 home leg lead from their European Cup quarter final against Portuguese champions Benfica provides a good start to this important month.

Kenny Dalglish plays the second half against Benfica and declares himself fit for the action to follow.

Manchester United move into top position with a 4-0 thrashing of Arsenal and for the first time in the year Liverpool are doing the chasing. There are fears for their European Cup progress, too, as they fly out to meet Benfica in Lisbon.

Typically, the players are given just the spur they need when Scottish international John Wark is bought from Ipswich for £300,000. He won't play in Europe because he isn't eligible, but the team know they are playing for their places.

In the cauldron that is the Stadium of Light, Liverpool produce one of their finest ever displays to hammer Benfica 4-1. With a semi-final spot in the bag, they complete a momentous week with the Wembley encounter with Everton.

In the carnival atmosphere created by the mixed armies of travelling Merseysiders, Neville Southall's man of the match performance in Everton's goal produces a 0-0 stalemate.

Graeme Souness's goal breaks the deadlock in the replay at Maine Road and the Milk Cup goes on permanent display in the Anfield trophy room as the club have won it three times on the trot since its introduction in 1982.

A 2-0 win at Watford completes a great month by restoring the champions to the top of the table.



## APRIL

West Ham are walloped 6-0 but a narrow 1-0 victory over Dinamo Bucharest looks an uncomfortable lead to take to Rumania in the European Cup semi.

John Wark has taken Craig Johnston's spot in the first choice line-up, with the ex-Middlesbrough man relieving Wark for European matches.

Defeat at Stoke and two points dropped at Leicester are made less serious setbacks than they might have been by Manchester United's own poor results. Liverpool beat West Brom and draw with Ipswich to round off the month still in the driving seat.



Between those last two games, however, they book a date in Rome for the European Cup Final by winning 2-1 in Bucharest with another pair from the amazing Rush.

The Football Writers Association elect the Welshman as their Footballer of the Year as he passes the 40-goal mark for the season.

## MAY



Liverpool start the month with a two-point advantage over their chief rivals and a goalless draw at Birmingham. United draw the same day and with games running out, the men from Old Trafford can't afford a slip.

Nevertheless, the slip does come two days later—on May Day Bank Holiday Monday. Ian Rush rifles in four in Liverpool's 5-0 whipping of Coventry while United go down 1-2 to Ipswich at home. It puts Liverpool five points clear. Just one point needed to clinch the title for the third time on the trot, a feat achieved by only Arsenal and Huddersfield before, and that was back in the thirties.

The precious point comes in a scoreless game at already-relegated Notts County, and the new Canon League trophy is presented in the final game at home to Norwich.

A short break in Israel to prepare for the European Cup Final at the end of the month is next on the agenda. Then it's back home for a few days before flying out to Rome on the 29th of the month.

Facing Roma on their own territory—the Olympic Stadium—will be a difficult assignment. But after beating Athletic Bilbao, Benfica and Dinamo Bucharest on their own patches earlier in the competition, no one dares write them off. And Liverpool rise to the occasion. The final goes to a dramatic penalty shoot-out but the Anfield side just get home.

**THIS GREAT VICTORY SETS THE SEAL ON FIVE VITAL MONTHS THAT HAVE SEEN YET ANOTHER GLORIOUS PAGE IN THE LIVERPOOL SUCCESS STORY**





**ANDY GRAY**

**Everton**





**STEVE SHERWOOD**  
Watford



**I**'VE completed four years as a professional footballer—and I don't believe any player in the game has had a better first four years than me.

It seems only yesterday that I was clocking on for work in Southampton docks as a shipyard fitter at 6.30 in the morning, leaving at 4.30 in the afternoon, and then travelling to Dorchester to train as a part-timer.

I've come so far in a short space of time—and I know just how lucky I've been. In some ways my luckiest break could have been a broken ankle—though it didn't seem like it at the time.

It was when I was a teenager. I'd been on Portsmouth's books until I became too old for their youth side, then I went to play for Dorchester instead. But Portsmouth retained an interest and I went back all ready to sign for them after a reserve game against Aldershot.

I was the substitute, and the Pompey manager told me that I would play the second half, and he'd sign me on after the match. I started the second half—and two minutes later broke my ankle!

I thought that was the end of my hopes of playing professional football, and I resigned myself to playing non-league at Dorchester, if I could get fit again.

That's when the luck turned. Within a week of getting out of plaster I played for Dorchester—and scored a hat-trick. I was a striker in those days, and I began scoring a lot of goals. Weymouth bought me for £6000, and soon professional clubs began taking an interest.

West Bromwich Albion were keen to sign me. I went to the Hawthorns and agreed terms. But I also knew that Bill Nicholson of Spurs had watched me several times. I delayed signing for Albion—and next thing I knew Spurs had stepped in.

The choice was up to me. West Brom had a lot of great players. Bryan Robson and Remi Moses were there at the time, plus Derek Statham, Cyrille Regis, Gary Owen and Peter Barnes. But Spurs had an even greater line-

# 4

## LUCKY YEARS

### — AND A BROKEN ANKLE BEGAN IT ALL!

===== **Spurs GRAHAM ROBERTS explains** =====

up—Ossie Ardiles, Ricky Villa, Glenn Hoddle, Steve Archibald, Steve Perryman and others.

I reckoned I could learn more from the players at Tottenham—and that's how it's worked out. But if I hadn't broken my ankle I might still be getting nowhere with Portsmouth.

It still seems unbelievable to me the four years I've had at Spurs. I was playing in a Cup winning side at Wembley within six months of making my debut. And I won a second F.A. Cup medal the following season. And another year later I was playing my first game for England.

I've always had faith in my ability. But I never believed that sort of progress was possible. Basically I think it's all happened for me because I am a good competitor, and I'm willing to learn from better players.



Nobody knows better than me that I'm not the most skilful player in the game. But I never give up. I'll fight for every ball no matter what the score. And I'll listen to what other players have to say. Lads like Ossie, Glenn and Steve Perryman have taught me so much about the game. Plus of course Ray Clemence. I've probably learned more about playing in defence from Ray than anyone else. It's certainly worth the earache he gives me every game with his shouting!

Playing in defence was all new to me when Keith Burkinshaw asked me to play there not long after I got in the side. I'd joined the club as a striker or mid-field player, but made my debut at full-back. But when the team had a few injuries I was shifted into the middle of the defence—and I've stayed.





RAY CLEMENCE

Now I feel that centre-half is my best position. I enjoy playing there. It's the position that makes the best use of my assets like my tackling and determination.

In the last year I've worked hard to develop into a better all-round player. I've tried to learn from Ossie's ability to bring the ball out of defence, and Glenn's accuracy in passing.

I've tried to be more composed. To use the ball well and never waste a pass. To become an established international player I know I've got to develop these skills—and playing for England is very important to me.

When I made my international debut in Belfast last year I thought I'd 'blown' it. The game was a nightmare for me. We drew 0-0 but no thanks to me. I was nervous and nowhere near my best. To be honest I didn't expect to be picked again. But Bobby Robson was great.

'The best time to play your second international match is

straight after your first', Bobby said to me. The same kind of theory that makes a jockey get straight back on a horse after falling off!

Instead of being dropped I was thrown in at the deep end—marking Charlie Nicholas in the match against Scotland at Wembley. I was nervous again, but a couple of good touches early on settled me, and I felt I did a good job putting Charlie out of the game.

Now my aim is to establish myself as a regular member of the England squad, although I realise there is tough competition from young lads like Mark Wright and Dave Watson.

My other main ambition is to win the First Division Championship with Spurs. We believe we have had the ability at Tottenham to have won the title—but we haven't been consistent enough. Injuries haven't helped, but nobody at Spurs can really put their finger on why we have had such up and

down results. However we have the strongest squad in the country, and I feel it's only a matter of time before Spurs win the championship.

We enjoy playing attacking football that entertains the fans. Nobody wants to change to a more defensive type of game or compromise on our open style of play. I admit that in the past I might have been guilty of making casual mistakes that cost us points. Sometimes in training I'd mess around and not take things too seriously. But I realised that doing that only gets you into bad habits. If you mess about in training you might mess around in a competitive match.

So now I treat every training game as if it were a cup final—even five-a-side games in the gym.

It's that kind of approach which has prompted some people at Spurs to compare me with their old favourite Dave Mackay. I'm flattered—but I don't want the label of 'the second Mackay'. It would put too much pressure on me. I'd rather be known as the first Graham Roberts, and be free to play my own type of game.

Dave Mackay was known as a tough character, and the thing that worries me is that I've been labelled a 'hard man' by some players and referees. I'm concerned about the number of times I was booked last season. I feel that some refs are looking for me from the start of games. Sometimes I've been afraid to tackle—and that takes away most of my game.

I can't change my style of playing. I wouldn't be as good a player if I did. I go in to win the ball. That's my job. I've never deliberately tried to hurt another player, but occasionally I've mistimed tackles.

Football is a physical game. I've always accepted the knocks as part of the game, but I'd really like to lose the image I've developed as a tough guy. I've only been in the game four years. Perhaps in the next four I will be able to add more flair and touch to my game.

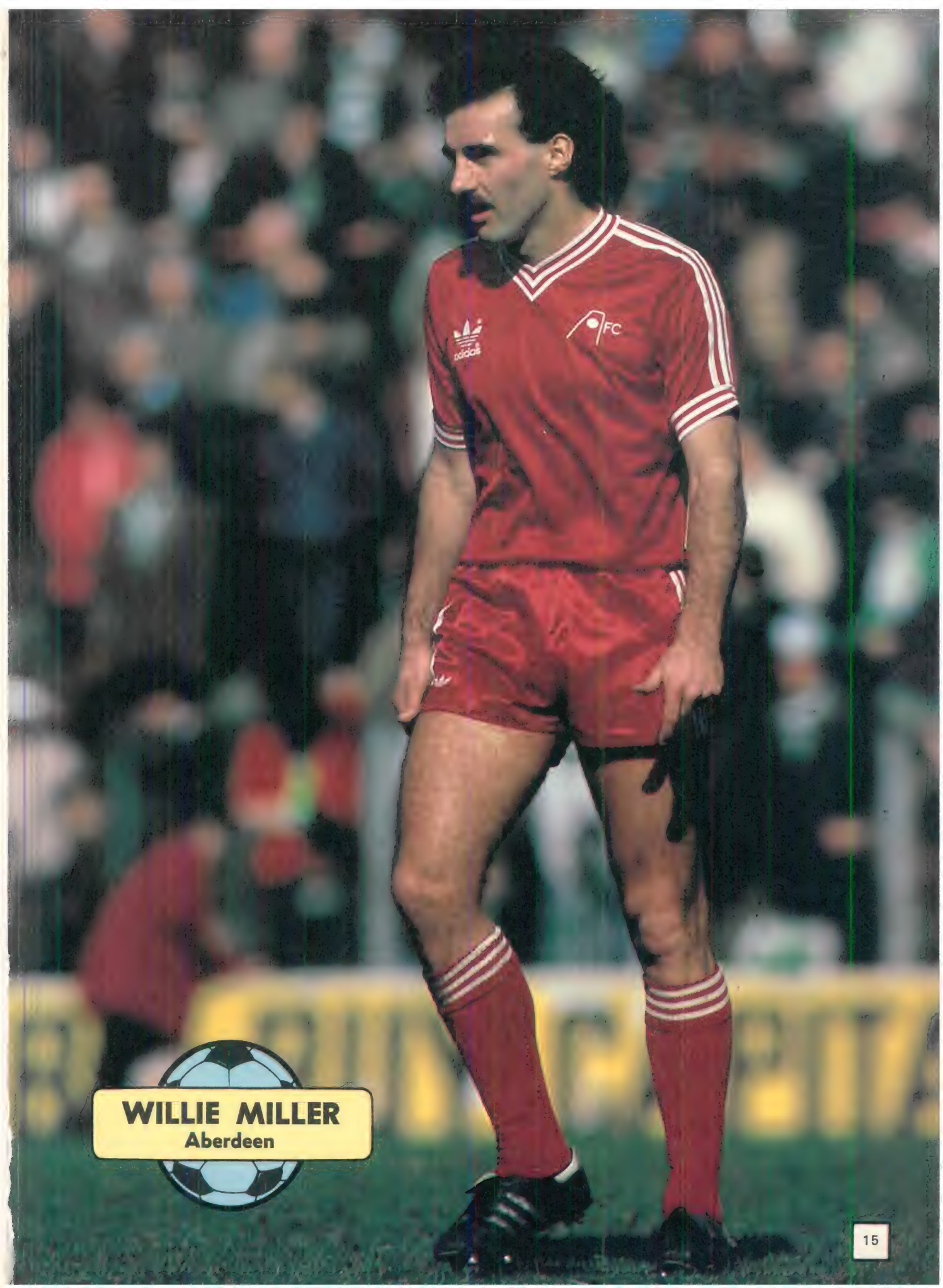
But whatever happens, if they match the last four years I'll be more than happy.





**RAY STEWART**  
West Ham United





**WILLIE MILLER**  
Aberdeen





# SEVEN YEARS ON — AND BACK TO SQUARE ONE!

**But Norwich 'keeper  
CHRIS WOODS  
has no complaints**

**I** **BEGAN** my football career as deputy to the best goalkeeper in Britain. And now, seven years later, I'm still in the same position—with a difference.

In 1978 I was reserve to Peter Shilton at Nottingham Forest. Now I've had a spell as reserve to him again—in the England international squad. It's as if I've gone back to square one, but I couldn't be happier.

I've only ever had one football hero and that's Peter Shilton. When he started playing for England I was only 11, and he's still at the top 13 years later.

I was lucky to meet up with Peter early in my career at Nottingham Forest. I was a young reserve when he was signed from Stoke City. It was a privilege for me to be able to watch him at close range on the training ground. I learned so much then.

There's no better example to follow. Peter Shilton's training

routines are an eye opener. He pushes himself hard, concentrating in training as if it were a cup final. It's a lesson just to watch him train. I've got a lot to thank him for—in particular my first medal from football.

I was youth team 'keeper at Forest when Shilton signed; and I'd have stayed a reserve all season if he had not come to the City Ground. But when he arrived, second choice John Middleton was sold to Derby County—moving me up to number two.

And because Peter had already played for Stoke City in the League Cup it meant he couldn't play in the competition for Forest. That left me to step in to the first team—and we went all the way to Wembley, where we faced mighty Liverpool.

On the day itself it was as though I was destined to keep a clean sheet. No matter what Liverpool threw at me, I somehow managed to get a part of my body

in the way. We earned a draw, then won the replay at Old Trafford.

It still ranks as one of the highlights of my career so far winning that League Cup medal.

But I will also remember that it was just by chance that I became a 'keeper at all. It amuses me when I think how it all started. I was about 14 at the time and playing for my school team. I played in midfield and several other positions but never in goal.

In one match I had to take the goalkicks and while doing that I pulled a thigh muscle. Because I couldn't play in an outfield position for a spell after that, somebody suggested I had a go in goal.

I didn't really fancy it at first because I thought it would mean hanging around doing nothing. It didn't take long though before I started to enjoy it between the posts.

My P.E. teacher put me



forward for trials and when I left school I was all set to join Derby but at the last minute I changed my mind and joined Forest.

Brian Clough as manager at Forest had a big influence on me. He has the ability to get the best out of a player. I got on well with Brian Clough and we often played squash together. It was good fun to be able to beat the boss on the squash court but he always gave me a hard game.

It was the combination of Brian and Peter Shilton that gave me such a good start in football. They certainly helped my confidence so that when I played in the League Cup final I wasn't nervous at all.

After the excitement of playing at Wembley however I had to settle for reserve team football again. There was no way I could expect to keep Peter out of the team, no matter how well I might have played.

I spent the whole of the next season in the reserves but at least I did get a chance with the England Under-21's. However, I eventually decided that it would be best for my career if I asked for a move.

So in 1979 I moved to Queen's Park Rangers. Unfortunately that was to be the least successful part of my career to date. I think I became very complacent about football. I didn't work very hard in training and as a result my form slumped badly.

It wasn't until Terry Venables arrived as manager that I really started to train properly. My form started to improve but then I was given the shock news that I had been dropped. That was the beginning of the end for me at Q.P.R.

Next step was Norwich. After a spell on loan I was more than happy to sign permanently. It was a very friendly club and being a country lad I felt more at home there than in London.

Ipswich had shown interest in me but I thought I had more chance of establishing myself at Norwich. I certainly made the right decision because I haven't looked back since.

I think the secret of my success at Norwich has been the amount of training I have done.

During the season I give myself very few free days. You have to be dedicated if you want to reach the top and that's where I'm aiming.

I don't just stick to goalkeeping during training either. I like to have a game out on the pitch as well. In fact I wouldn't mind playing a few league games in an outfield position.

You have to be tough to be a goalkeeper in the First Division. It is a physical game and you have to be prepared to stand up to a forward's challenge. I've become a lot stronger and fitter in my time at Norwich. With this improvement I hope I can help Norwich to win something in the future.

The progress the team has made has helped a few of us win

international recognition. It is nice to know that even though we're playing for a team away from a big city we haven't been ignored.

It is a great thrill for me every time I get selected for an England squad. Every opportunity I get to train with Peter Shilton I learn something new. Nobody has taught me more about the art of goalkeeping.

Peter seems to have the fitness to go on for a few years yet, but I'm not worried about that. I'm quite prepared to wait for the chance of a long run in the side. Before that I mean to establish myself as Peter's rightful successor. When I do make it to the top I want to stay there as long as possible.

My dedication to football means I have very little time for anything else except my family. I'm married to Sarah and we have two children—Mark and Laura.

When I give up football I would like to return to Lincolnshire, where I was born. I was brought up on a farm which my father still runs. Started playing football with lads from the local village.

I never dreamed at that stage that I'd one day play in the First Division—let alone learn from the best in the business.



**PETER  
SHILTON –  
the best in  
the business**



It's the man in the middle who wins this mid-air tussle as Forest's **IAN BOWYER** outjumps teammate **KENNY SWAIN** and Q.P.R.'s **STEVE WICKS**.



Watford's **WILF ROSTRON** is the meat in the sandwich, between Birmingham's **LES PHILLIPS** and **MICK HARFORD**.



"Just lean on me!" That's what Norwich City's **MICK CHANNON** could be saying to **TERRY BUTCHER**, Ipswich Town's giant central defender.

Winning this airborne battle is Watford's **PAUL FRANKLIN** as he clearly gets the better of Coventry's **TERRY GIBSON**.



# HIGH





Manchester United's **NORMAN WHITESIDE** at full-stretch as he wins this mid-air duel with Liverpool's **ALAN HANSEN**.



Back to back are Spurs **GRAHAM ROBERTS** (left) and Leicester's **ANDY PEAKE**.



It's all eyes closed as Manchester United's **KEVIN MORAN** clashes with Liverpool's **ALAN KENNEDY**.

# FLYERS



# I CHANGED FROM "THE FLY

When I hear the chants of "Zico, Zico, Zico" tumbling from the terraces at Hillsborough I can't help but remember the days when the same supporters regularly booed me off the pitch.

That was three or four years ago when I was a struggling midfield player. Though I'd played in that position most of my career, I knew I wasn't comfortable in it. Then came the change which altered my whole game.

Our right back, Ray Blackhall, was injured. The Wednesday manager at the time, Jack Charlton, asked me to play full-back in a couple of practice matches.

I'm sure he was a little worried about how I'd do in a serious game, but he risked me in a match against Derby County, whose left winger, Paul Emson, was highly rated. I did well, stayed in the number two shirt and haven't looked back since.

Suddenly, with the change in positions, came a different attitude from the fans. They began to cheer me much more. Soon they were on their feet virtually every time I touched the ball.

As a full back, I'm very attack-minded. I like taking men on and getting in either a telling cross or a shot. Opponents seem to bounce off me, because I never check back. Just steam forward, whoever is in my path.


The Wednesday supporters like that style. Soon I began to hear they had nicknamed me Zico, after the great Brazilian midfield player. I know it's just a bit of fun but it's a big thrill to hear the chants and see the banners which bear the name.

It's certainly a much more acceptable nickname than the one Jack Charlton saddled me with! He came up with the name "The Flying Pig-Iron", which he must have reckoned summed up the way I play and, of course, the fact I'm born and bred in the country's biggest iron and steel centre—Sheffield.

I wasn't too keen on the Flying Pig-Iron stuff. I was glad when the fans adopted the Zico title instead. Ironically, if things had been a little different, I would have been one of those fans myself.

I supported Wednesday when I was knee-high, as did my father and brother, Terry. I'd stand on the massive Spion Kop terracing with Terry and all our mates. Even when I signed for the club I took every opportunity I had to cheer the team from the terraces.

Playing for Wednesday was the only ambition I ever had. If they hadn't wanted me, I don't know what I would have done. It never crossed my mind to play my football anywhere else.



Stop-at-nothing running has helped take MEL STERLAND to the top—but it's brought him his share of hard knocks, too.



# FROM "PIG-IRON" TO "ZICO"!

**Sheffield Wednesday's  
MEL STERLAND**  
tells how things suddenly  
started to happen . . .

I was twelve when I was first spotted playing for a junior team in an under-14 league. I went to Wednesday to train and signed schoolboy forms. Lincoln City were interested around the same time. But as I said there was only one club I wanted to play for.

In some ways local lads have a harder time than the youngsters who arrive at a club from other areas. Everyone is always asking about your progress. There is no hiding place if you have a bad game.

Even now I still take a terrific ribbing from my family and mates if I don't play well. And, of course, you can feel you are letting so many people down if things go wrong.

I certainly felt that way when Wednesday failed to win promotion from Division Two in successive seasons after looking likely to go up.

After missing out the second time, Jack Charlton resigned as manager and Howard Wilkinson took over and changed our whole approach to the game.

The new approach is based on a sweeper system which enables both full backs to join in attacks. Along with the sweeper system came an extra emphasis on physical fitness.

Once a week we'd go on nine-mile hill runs around the Pennines. Part of the work being sprinting UP the slopes.

At the training ground our sessions were extended from two hours to three. One long period—no breaks—concentrating on speed and stamina.

That sort of work load can get boring if the person in charge doesn't find ways of making it interesting. The new boss worked on that. The sessions were never allowed to become monotonous.

We eased down a little as the season wore on. Once basic fitness was established, it became a case of just ticking over.

I lost about five or six pounds in weight over the season, but my strength didn't decrease in consequence. I just dispensed with some of the bulk I didn't require. I feel I improved as a player. So much so I won a spot in the England Under-21 side.

But best of all was winning promotion after two unsuccessful attempts. I've longed to see Wednesday back in Division One. It would have broken my heart to have them miss out again.







**STEVE MORAN**  
Southampton



# I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!

Keeping that ball under the closest scrutiny is Q.P.R.'s, TERRY FENWICK. He's clearly determined he'll not be caught napping by an awkward, unforeseen bounce.



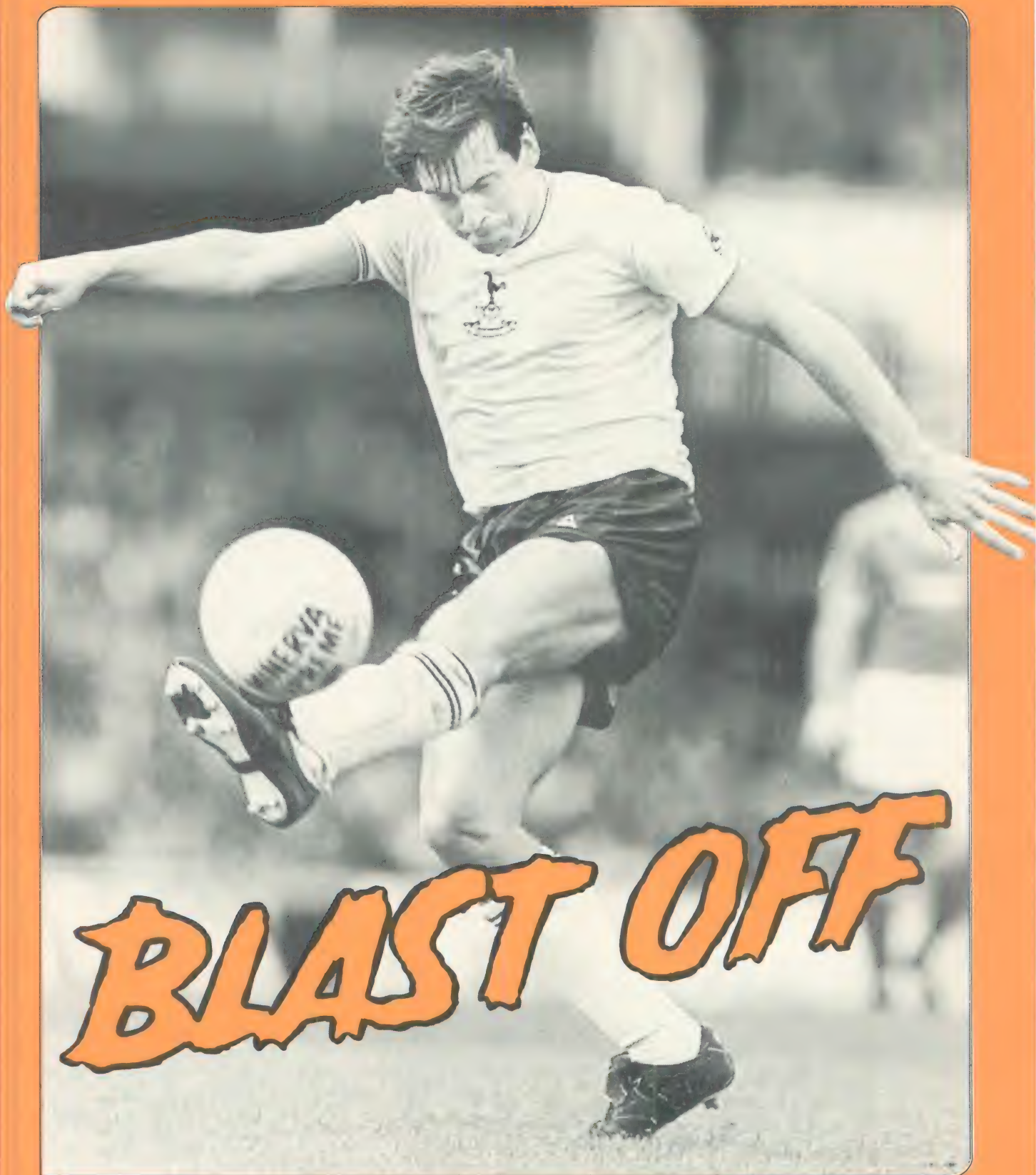




**KENNY DALGLISH**

Liverpool

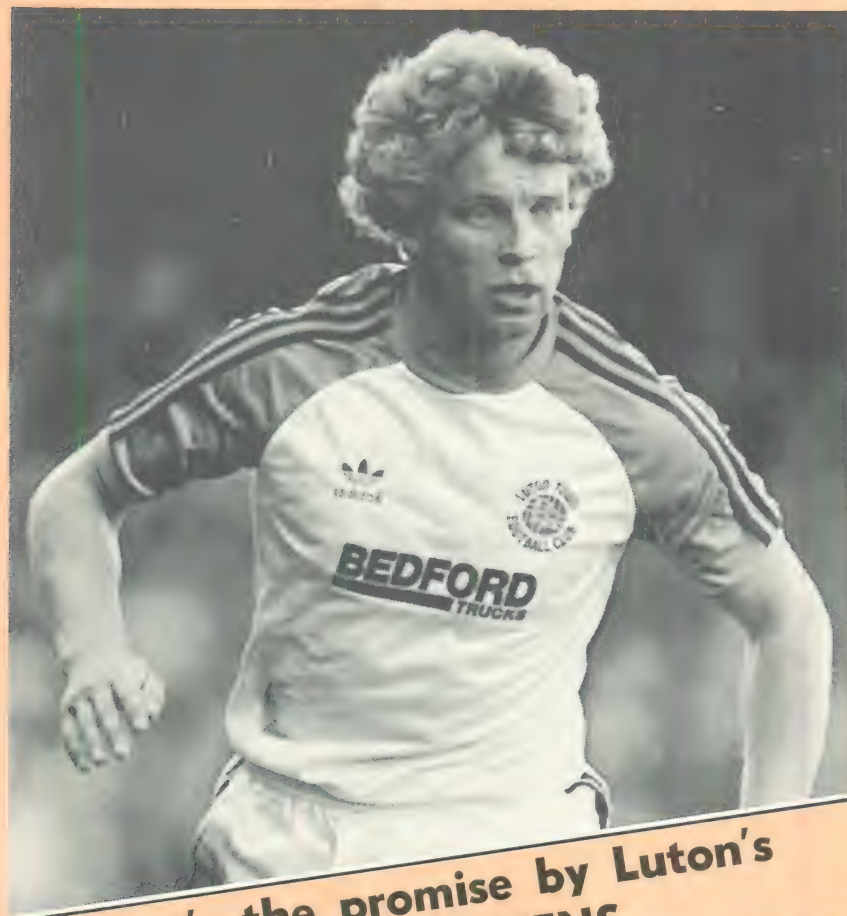




Power in plenty as Spurs' TONY GALVIN lets fly a blockbuster at goal. Typical action from a player whose drive and determination make him a favourite with the fans.



# LATE STARTER —



**That's the promise by Luton's  
KIRK STEPHENS**

**I**'VE never met anyone in football with the same Christian name as me—but I still sometimes have an identity problem. I've often been mistaken for my namesake—Kirk Stevens the snooker player—but I never take offence. I just wish that I could be as good on the snooker table as Kirk. Unfortunately I'm no ace with a snooker cue. In fact the rest of the lads call me 'basher' because of the vigorous way I try to pot a ball. It would be good to see Kirk Stevens play in real life because I always enjoy watching snooker on TV.

I would like to meet him sometime if possible. Perhaps he could pass on a few tips to help me improve my game.

One of the most amusing cases of mistaken identity that I can remember was at a dinner for the late Don Cockell. He was the former British heavyweight boxing champion who once fought Rocky Marciano for the world title. During the proceedings that evening lots of well-known sporting personalities were introduced. Jake Findlay and I were pointed out as representing Luton Town.

After the meal some people went around asking for autographs. One chap came up to our table and asked Jake for his autograph and then turned to me and said, "Good luck in the World Snooker Championships, Kirk."

I thought it would be a bit embarrassing for both of us if I said I wasn't the snooker player so I wrote on the card—"Thank you for your best wishes for the World Championship—Kirk Stephens." I spelt the surname my way but I hope the fan didn't notice. It was a bit of fun and I didn't want to disappoint him.

I don't think snooker would be



# But I'll Make Up For That!

an option when I give up football but I'm quite confident about the future when I hang up my boots in five or six years' time. I've already got a job waiting for me.

Before I started playing full-time with Luton I was in business with my father. We were joint partners in a construction firm. At the same time I was playing for my local team, Nuneaton.

Joining Luton as a full-timer in the Second Division meant taking a drop in wages. But it was a chance to prove people wrong. As a schoolboy I'd been rejected by Coventry, Bristol City and Blackpool.

I'm grateful to Luton boss David Pleat for giving me the chance in League football at the comparatively old age of 23. He saw quite a lot of me in my part-time days and so had every confidence that I could do a good job in the League. I hope I've proved him right since.

Becoming a professional footballer didn't mean giving up all my business interests—far from it. I must be one of the busiest footballers around. Our construction firm is still going strong and I take an active role in that. Most days after training I drive home to find out if there are any jobs to do.

A big part of the work involves tarmacching. Because of that the lads call me 'Yosser' after the character in the TV series 'Boys from the Blackstuff'. My hands get in a dreadful state sometimes but I really enjoy the work. Football is my hobby but when I have to give it up I will be prepared for the real world. It will come as a shock to many players to give up football, but not to me.

My wife Karon also has her own business—a ladies boutique. I'm hoping she'll make us millionaires one day! If not that, we should at least be able to look after our children Quinton and Simone in reasonable comfort.

Although I'm very busy with my business interests I like to play as much sport as possible. I will try anything but among my favourites are tennis, squash, golf and water-skiing.

Over the last few years one sport I have really taken to is water-skiing. It gives you a tremendous thrill once you get confident. It's a similar experience to riding on a motor-bike. When you've mastered the basic technique it's quite easy to stay on your feet.

I was introduced to it by some friends who own a speed boat. They often take me in the summer to some lakes in the Midlands which are good for water-skiing. You need to be quite fit to water-ski. My football training helps to build up the strength I need in my legs.



**KIRK STEPHENS —  
a tough job on his hands**

Like most footballers I enjoy a game of golf. But I would get bored if I spent all my spare time on a golf course.

In spite of all my other interests football is still very much my bread and butter at the moment. I think having other interests enables me to enjoy my football as much as I do.

I like to be part of an attacking side. After all, we have got the fans to entertain. I don't mind losing too much as long as it was a good game. There is nothing worse than walking out of a ground to hear someone say, "That was a dreadful game, Stephens, I won't be coming again for a while." I always try to give good value to the fans. Then they will say "Great game, Kirk. I'll be here for the next one."

Although I'm a full-back I like to push forward as much as possible. I used to be a winger so I've got a natural instinct to attack. Over the last couple of years I think my form has become much more consistent. There's nothing like the First Division for sharpening your game.

I hope that I'm fit enough to keep playing for a few years at top level. When I retire I would like to return to non-league football. Much as I enjoy professional football I don't want to stay in the game when I stop playing. It might be fun to do a bit of coaching at a lower level but I will be quite happy to spend most of my time on business interests.

Ten years of League football would be quite something. After all, for a long time it looked as if I wouldn't make it.

Like all footballing wives Karon always has to put up with a lot when the team's doing badly. But she's always given me a lot of support and comes to all the home games. As a family we have worked hard to get the breaks—as my namesake does on the snooker table.



# DREAM COME TRUE—for *Ipswich's Eric Gates*



**GATES IN THE GATES**  
A quick check-over of the practice starting gates

Eric Gates has earned himself a reputation as one of the best strikers in the game. But he had a sporting dream far removed from the football field—and that was to ride a top-class racehorse.

A visit to Michael Ryan's Newmarket stables gave Eric the chance to achieve that ambition. There were no cheering crowds, no desperate dash to the finishing line. But for Eric Gates it was a day that made a dream come true.

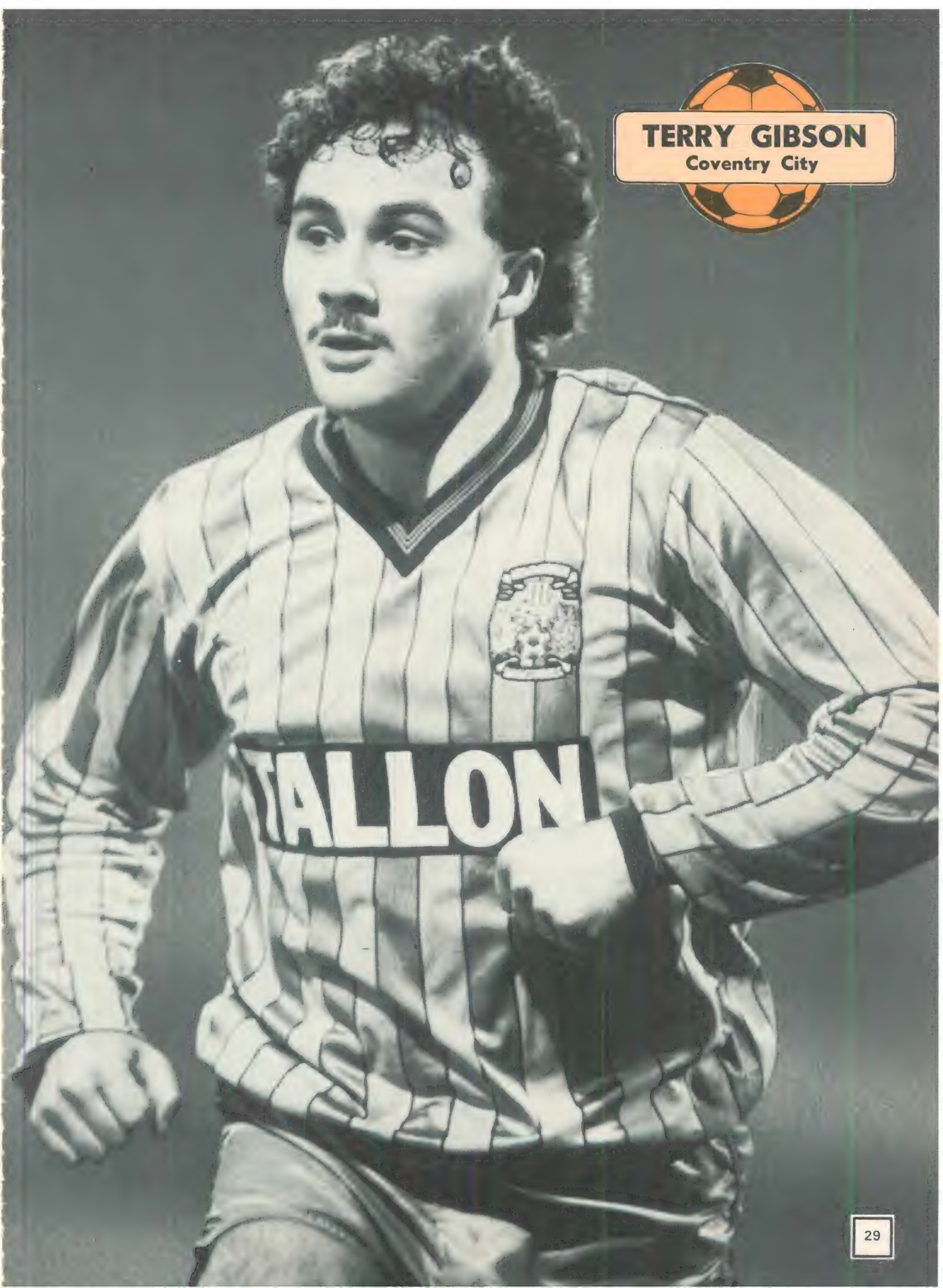


**KITTED OUT**  
A change from club colours for Eric

**IN THE SADDLE**  
Eric mounted proudly on Fort Fox







**TERRY GIBSON**  
Coventry City



**West Bromwich Albion's GARY OWEN sets his sights —**

# WEMBLEY IS THE TARGET

**F**OOTBALL used to mean everything to me. But over the last year or so I've begun to realise there are more things to life than the game I love.

I haven't lost any of my passion for my profession. It's just that recently off-the-field events have played a big part in my life.

I got involved with a school for mentally handicapped children in Birmingham, trying to raise enough money to buy the kids a minibus to take them on outings.

Originally, I had just gone along to Cherry Oak School to draw a raffle. But once I was there I saw that they needed help and when I was asked if I could do anything I decided I'd try to get them the bus.

Throughout last season, I organised prize draws, snooker tournaments, celebrity dinners and the like in order to get the fund under way.

Like most players, I've always done my fair share for charities over the years, but I'd just turn up when asked and leave when the event was over. Never thought too deeply about what I was doing.

But around the time I became involved with the Cherry Oak kids, my wife and I had a baby. Thankfully, there was nothing wrong with our daughter, but I realised that if we hadn't been so lucky, she could have been attending a school like Cherry Oak in the future.

My family and the kids at the school have shown me that things which perhaps used to get me down in football aren't quite so important as I might have thought they were.

For instance, I used to get

quite upset about the fact I've never played for England. With twenty-two Under-21 caps to my credit, I'm the record holder at that level. But I've never made the step-up to a full cap.

I'm not that worried about it now. If it comes, it comes. It is still my ambition to play for my country at senior level but I don't set my heart on anything now.

As I've grown older, I've also begun to change my approach to my career. Not so long ago, when my contract at West Bromwich Albion had expired, I had the chance to return to my former club, Manchester City.

Now, City had meant everything to me early in my career. I'd have been happy to stay there all my life. I got on great with the supporters and loved the area.

**MARTYN BENNETT — hard-hit by injury**

But when Malcolm Allison took over from Tony Book at Maine Road I was on my way. I wasn't rated and when West Brom asked me to sign, I packed my bags and left.

That was a very sad day for me. And when later City expressed interest in re-signing me, the prospect of returning was obviously very appealing.

I spoke to John Benson, the City manager at the time. The financial terms were fine. But City had an unsettled side, sliding down the First Division.

Albion hadn't exactly set the world on fire themselves, but I reasoned that with the strength of our squad, we were more likely to pick up a trophy than City were. It was a case of my head ruling my heart.

A few months later my old club were relegated. And, though West Brom haven't picked up the cup I hoped they might, I feel my decision was justified.

Albion have been nicknamed 'The Nearly Men' ever since I joined them when Ron Atkinson was manager. You can't really argue with that title in view of the fact we haven't lived up to our promises.

The club has a strong squad that's second to none in the First Division. Our problem over the last couple of seasons has been that we've been hard hit by injuries.

Last season I had a lengthy lay-off, as did Cyrille Regis, Derek Statham, Martyn Bennett, Steve







**JOHNNY GILES —**  
a big influence

Mackenzie, Ally Robertson and Martin Jol. Brendon Batson had to pack in the game altogether because of knee trouble.

In our case, injuries aren't an excuse, they are fact. I'm sure, however, that once we have our complete squad in operation we can challenge the best.

That view has been strengthened since Johnny Giles took over as manager. The Albion were successful during his first spell in charge and I believe will be again.

I welcomed his appointment because I felt he could do so much for my own game. I play basically the same way as he did during his heyday at Leeds and I'll be looking to improve under his influence.

Johnny was my hero when he was with Leeds. I didn't model myself on him, but obviously someone like that has to influence you.

I'm hoping his being in charge at The Hawthorns will help me fulfil my major ambition in the game—to play at Wembley.

I've been very close on a few occasions, without actually setting foot on the turf. City were there for the League Cup Final in 1976, the year before I broke into the first team.

Then, in 1982, Albion were beaten in the Milk Cup semis by Tottenham and in the FA Cup semis by Queen's Park Rangers.

I'd dearly love to make it to Wembley, but while it remains a strong ambition, I've learnt that in comparison with other aspects of life, it is relatively unimportant.

Yes, football means a lot to me. But I know now of other things which can mean even more.







**BRIAN STEIN**  
Luton Town





**PAUL MILLER**  
Tottenham Hotspur



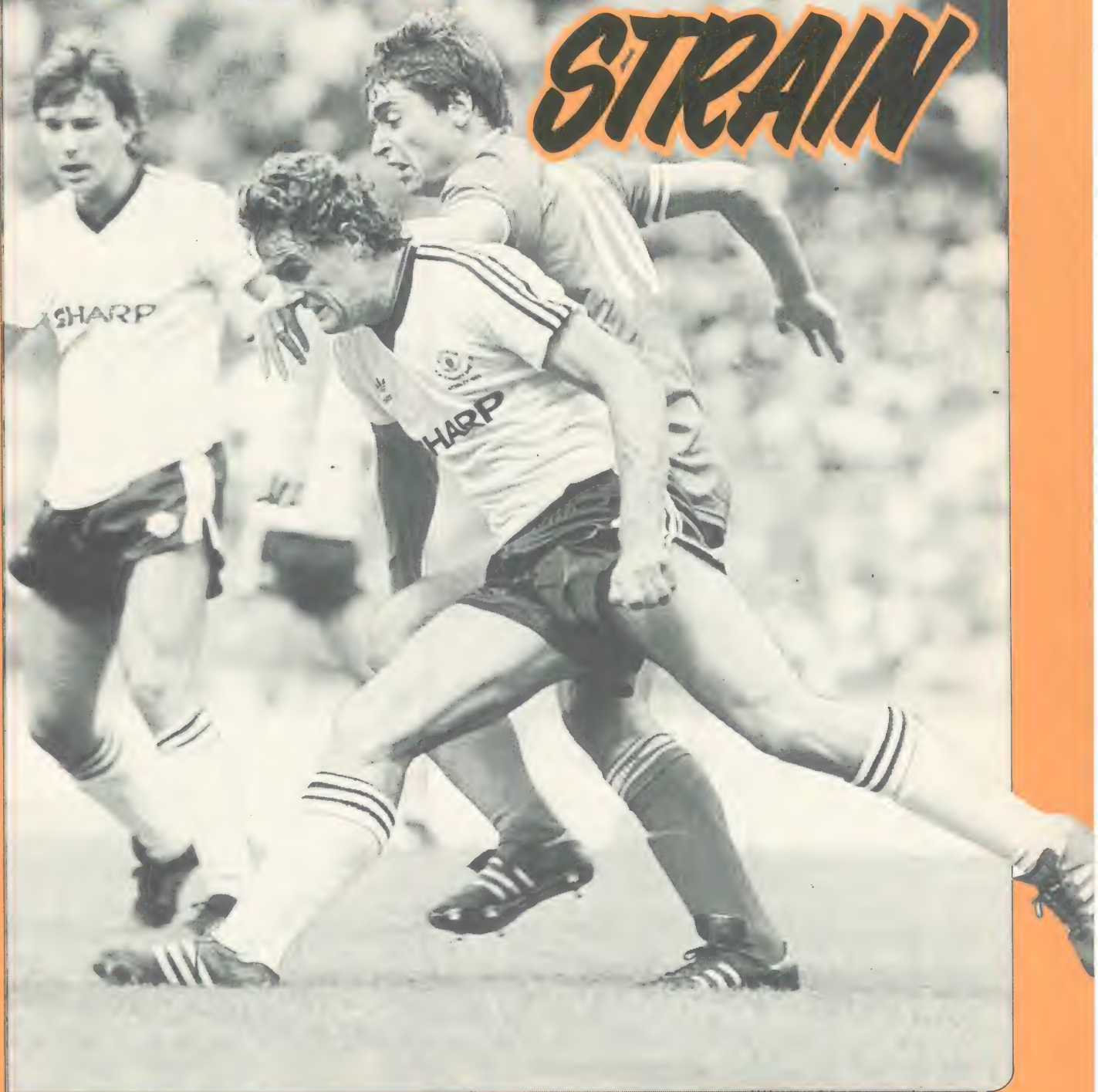




**TONY COTTEE**  
West Ham United



# ***STRESS and STRAIN***



All the pressure of top flight football is shown in the faces of Man United's KEVIN MORAN (left) and MIKE ROBINSON (Liverpool) in this no-holds-barred tussle. Both know that to win the ball in tight situations calls for determination of the highest order—and neither is going to give an inch!



# the shop that Jack built...



Jack Kelsey checks over the impressive array of goods on sale to the fans.

## ... KEEPING ARSENAL FANS ALL DRESSED UP IS BIG BUSINESS NOW!

ONCE upon a time you could only identify a football supporter by the colour of his scarf and rosette. But now the dedicated football fan can dress himself and his family, and furnish his home in his favourite club colours.

'Selling' a football club is big business. Although Jack Kelsey retired from playing in goal for Arsenal more than 20 years ago, and has never been involved in coaching or management, he is a vital part of the backroom team at Highbury. The former Welsh international goalkeeper manages the Arsenal club shop—and handles a turnover of between £100,000 and £200,000 a year.

"When I first started, we just had one small shelf of goods. Now we have the main shop and five kiosks on match days around the ground, and we stock over 250 different items," says Jack.

"We sell everything from 5p button badges to £27.00 extra large tracksuits. The range is expanding all the time. Our latest items are Arsenal curtains to follow up the roller-blinds we first stocked last year.

"Parents can completely decorate a youngster's bedroom in Arsenal colours. We have Arsenal pyjamas, dressing-gowns, bedspreads, duvet covers, pillow cases, and wallpaper.

"We can dress Arsenal fans of any age—beginning at one month old. We have babies' romper suits and bibs, and the idea is to make them Arsenal fans at the earliest possible age and keep them Arsenal fans all their life."

Arsenal fans can proclaim their allegiance to the Gunners with red and white hats, scarves, gloves, T-shirts, jumpers, and underwear. They can write with Arsenal pens on Arsenal notebooks. Check the time on Arsenal watches. Wake-up to Arsenal alarm clocks. Go to sleep on Arsenal pillow cases. They can do the washing-up in Arsenal aprons. Dry it on Arsenal towels. Relax on Arsenal cushions. Listen to an Arsenal "tranny"—and carry it all around in Arsenal bags.

Most popular lines are the replica kits—first team and change strip—T-shirts and scarves. The shop will stock anything in Arsenal colours that Jack thinks will sell.

"Supporters are always coming in with suggestions and some of them we follow up with an order to manufacture. But I did turn down the idea of Arsenal toilet-seat covers," says Jack.

There is a steady trade but it is linked to success on the field.

"When the team is doing well the shop does well," says Kelsey.



Jack and his assistant Kate prepare for another busy day.



Behind the counter. Jack makes sure everything is just right for opening time.



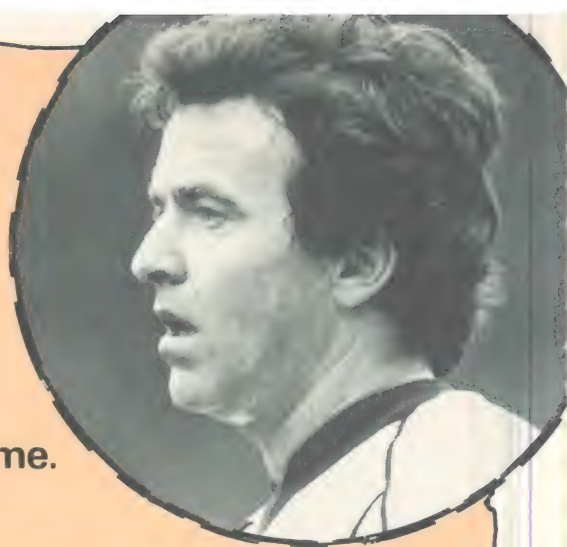
The fans roll up. A steady stream of callers makes sure the Arsenal souvenir shop is a sure-fire success.





# I Was J.R.'s Stand-In!

— now Forest's  
**COLIN WALSH** is  
making his own name.



**W**HEN the Nottingham Forest crowd started talking about me in comparison to former City Ground favourite and Scotland star John Robertson, I took it as their seal of approval.

In the two years I had been in the first team squad at Nottingham I was always regarded by the fans as 'Robbo's' understudy. Even after an 18 games run, when he was injured, that label still stuck with me.

However, before last season JR was transferred to Derby County. I was disappointed in one way to see him go. He had taught me so much over the years. On the other hand I had been on the sidelines for two seasons. I didn't honestly fancy another term like that. I felt my game needed regular senior football.

I was a bit worried though as to how the Forest crowd would react to me. JR was a very popular player on

the terraces. I expected the fans to want me to be like him.

John was a far superior player to me. I couldn't match his skill. So I figured I wouldn't come out too well in any comparisons. I thought I would face a hard time pleasing the fans.

I couldn't have been more wrong. They gave me a very fair chance. Maybe they realised it would take a lot to replace John Robertson. Whatever the reason, they didn't seem to expect too much of me.

As a result I was able to get on with my own game. The fans accepted me as I was. It was a very big help in helping me settle down as a first team regular.

As the season wore on and Forest were going well in the League and progressing nicely in the UEFA Cup, I began to notice that my name was being mentioned in the same breath as John's by a number of people. It was a big compliment to me. It certainly kept me on my toes.

To be truthful I still think I come out second best when the two of us are compared. John was such a superb player. I am more of a worker and a runner. I don't think I look quite as spectacular as he did. Nonetheless I feel more able to cope with comparison now than when I took his spot last season.

Although with JR leaving the City Ground I am no longer able to watch and learn from him first hand in training, his advice is always with me.

One of the best things about 'Robbo' was his ability to relax. That came through on the field as well. He always looked cool and comfortable on the ball. Quite the opposite to me when I first got into the side.

On the occasions when I stood in

for John the ball was a bit like a hot potato to me. I rushed everything. John was always telling me to relax. "Don't go hell for leather" he'd say. With experience I managed to calm myself down.

Being able to work some room for myself on the park was a big help. It gave me that little extra time on the ball I hadn't had before. I had a few seconds to look around and weigh things up.

Playing for the Scotland Under-21's and with Forest in Europe was a factor in calming me down. The Continentals don't mark you as tightly as in the Football League.

They stand off and give you more space. The confidence I gained in possession during those matches proved invaluable in our league matches.

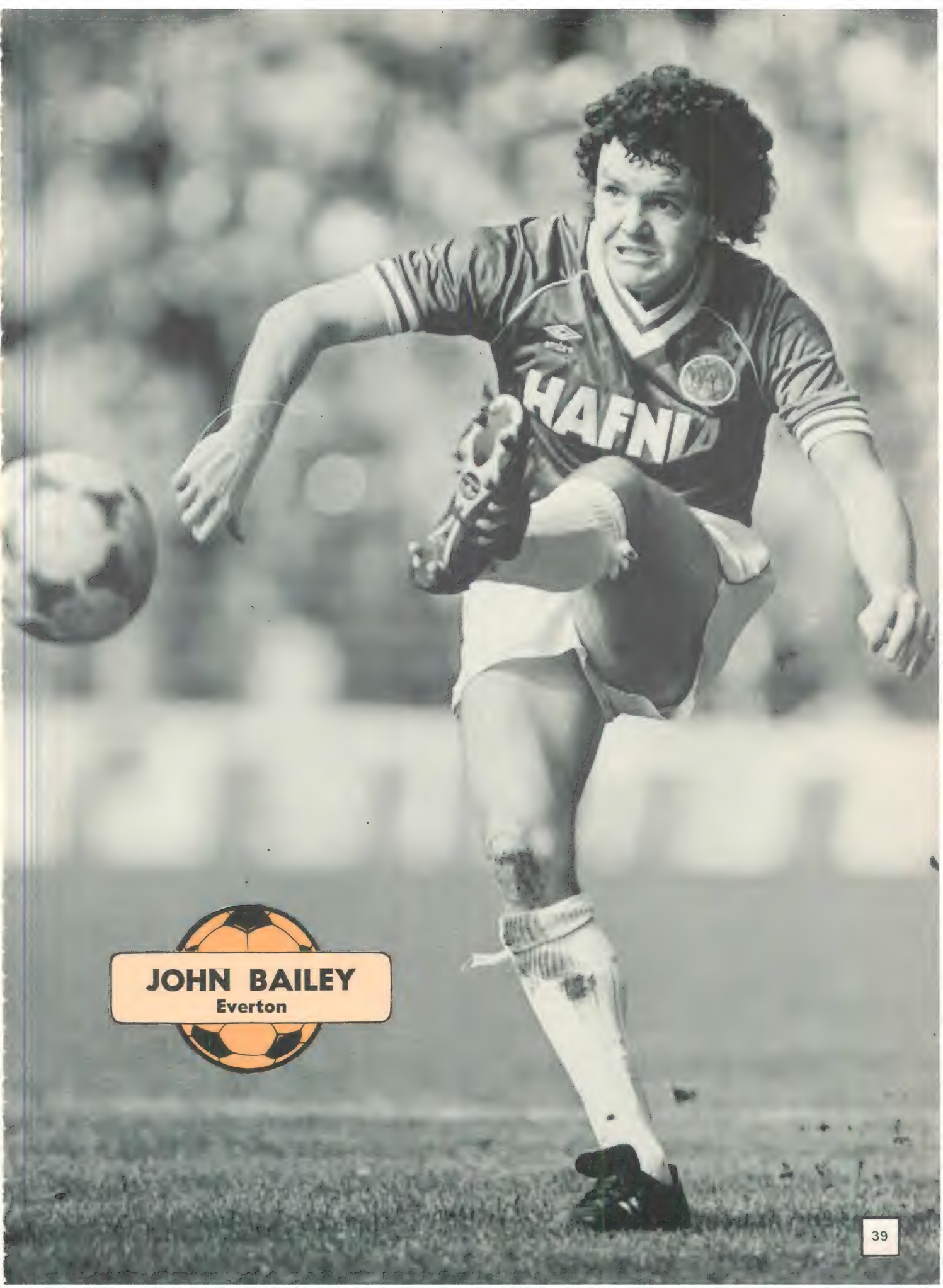
The comparisons I've had between myself and John Robertson were nothing to the parallels drawn up between the current Nottingham Forest side and the one which won the League Championship and two European Cups between 1977 and '80.

In Brian Clough's eyes we didn't fare too well in comparison to that side. He was constantly saying that we weren't a patch on them. He honestly believed that, but there was also a touch of his kidology in it. It geed us up and, especially in Europe, gave the opposition a false sense of security.

I think the manager was right in his assessment. The team which contained the likes of JR, Trevor Francis and Tony Woodcock was superb. A very skilful outfit.

The present side isn't as skilful. But we are very hard working. With experience we can become as good.





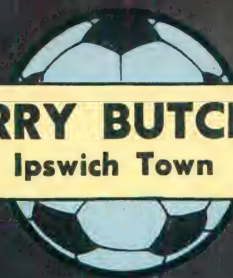
**JOHN BAILEY**  
Everton





**NICK PICKERING**  
Sunderland





**TERRY BUTCHER**

Ipswich Town





**G**OALS come in all shapes and sizes—good, lucky, doubtful, exciting, tragic. But no matter how they're come by—it's still a moment to savour and celebrate!

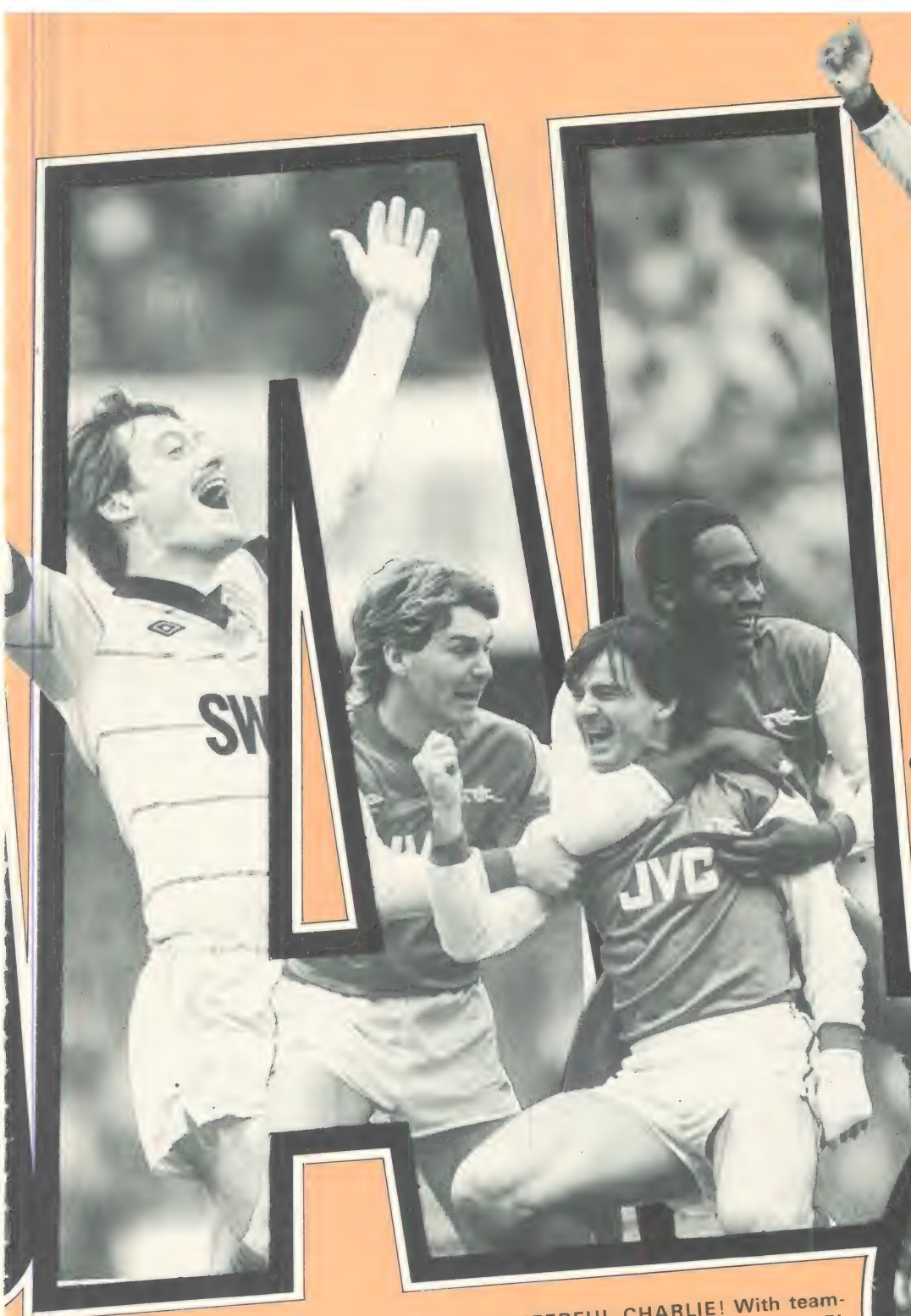


**HIGH SPIRITS**—from Walsall players and Villa's GARY SHAW when the ball's in the net.



**ALL SMILES**—They play for rival teams but Liverpool's KENNY DALGLISH and Man. United's MIKE DUXBURY and ARTHUR ALBISTON show the same kind of pleasure when a goal is scored.





**IT'S A GREAT FEELING!** West Bromwich Albion's **NICKY CROSS** shows his elation after finding the net.

**CHEERFUL CHARLIE!** With team-mate **DAVID CORK** and **RAPHAEL MEADE**, Arsenal's **CHARLIE NICHOLAS** celebrates after a goal against London rivals Spurs.

But not everyone has something to cheer about when a goal is scored. Ipswich's **PAUL COOPER** shows how he feels about being on the receiving end.

No stranger to goal-scoring **JOHN CHIEDOZIE** (Notts County) shows that no matter how often you net, it's still something to shout about.







**REUBEN AGBOOLA**

**Southampton**







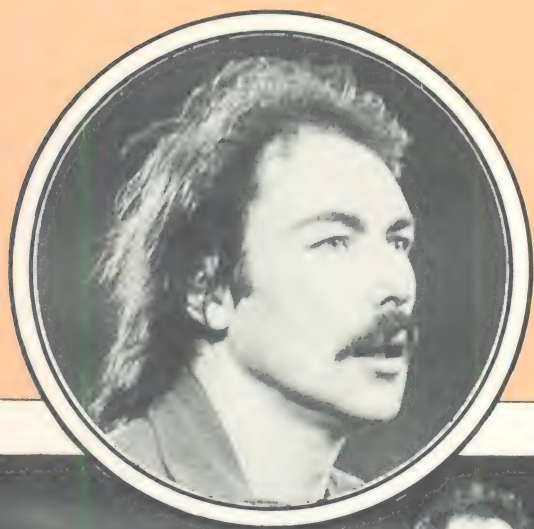
**DEREK STATHAM**  
West Bromwich Albion





# MY YO-YO YEARS

## That's the hope of Leicester's Mark Wallington



**I**N my 12 years with Leicester City, I've experienced many ups and downs. I've twice been relegated to the Second Division, made it back to the First on both occasions and played in an FA Cup semi-final. At a personal level, I've twice been capped for England in the Under-23 side.

The big disappointment for me in those years has been not winning a major medal. I'd also have loved to have played in a European competition.





# ARE OVER-

I can hear some of you saying that it's a bit late for an ageing goalkeeper like myself to start hitting the glory trail. It's probably inevitable that, having been at Filbert Street so long, I should be regarded as a veteran.

But, in fact, I'm only 32 years old this year, so I believe I still have plenty of time to make up that lost ground. And now that Leicester have weathered the difficulties of our first season back in the top flight, I'm confident that we can now move on to achieve better things.

It was certainly an eventful season to look back on—and one which began on a worrying note for me. When the league campaign kicked off, I was in the middle of a contract dispute with the club. I hasten to add, it was nothing to do with money. Neither did I want to leave Leicester.

I've always been very happy at Filbert Street, and it was this club which enabled me to get my career off the ground—a career which I was reluctant to rush into.

I grew up in Lincolnshire and was on Lincoln City's books as a schoolboy. They wanted me to sign for them as soon as I left school, but I turned them down as I wanted to pursue my studies. So off I went to Leeds where I took a course in history at the university, determined to obtain a degree.

However, football became an increasingly more important part of my life, and I ended my university career after only two years, by which time I was playing semi-professionally with Walsall.

Seven months later, it was Leicester who persuaded me to become a full professional. By the time my contract expired prior to the start of last season, I'd come to regard the city as my home, as had my wife and family.

We had no wish to uproot ourselves and make a new start somewhere else.

So, despite the new

experience of being a free agent, which meant I could negotiate my terms with any club which wanted me, I only wanted to play for Leicester.

The sole reason for the dispute was the length of contract which was being offered. The club were only prepared to sign me for another year. I wanted something longer-lasting, so I held out on the point of principle. The depressing part of the deadlock, was that it dragged on for several weeks after the start of the season.

It was terribly frustrating not to be a member of the first team. Not only had new signing, Mark Grew, taken up my position between the posts on match days, but I was also separated from the rest of the senior players during the week. While they would turn up in the mornings for their normal training sessions, I was working out with the apprentices.

Then, just as I was beginning to fear the stalemate would not be broken, everything suddenly worked itself out.

It was a bit of bad luck for Mark Grew which started the ball rolling. I returned from a morning session to discover that Mark had been taken to hospital with a broken wrist, the result of an accident during training.

That very afternoon, negotiations were re-opened between myself and the club, and I was pleased that a settlement was reached which was satisfactory to both sides. A two-year deal was worked out, and it didn't take much to persuade me to sign.

There were two reasons for that. Firstly, I'd reached the stage where I was desperate for first-team football. Secondly, I didn't want to let the club down by leaving them with only an inexperienced goalkeeper to act as cover.

Having resumed my place in goal, my thoughts then turned to

helping the side end its disastrous start to the season—five straight league defeats.

Mind you, I always felt we'd come good. We have a bunch of young players who make up a very capable unit. I reckon it was lack of experience at top level which made things so difficult to begin with. However, once we had that first win under our belt, we played consistently well for the rest of the season.

The unfortunate thing about that early run of defeats was that we were under pressure to keep out of the relegation zone right up to the run-in. Whereas an average of only a point per game during those first ten matches would have put us in the hunt for a place in Europe at the end of the term.

Considering I missed the start of the season, I was very pleased with my own form throughout the rest of the campaign. Since the Leicester City goalkeepers started receiving specialist training two years ago, I have been reaping the benefits on match days.

Two days a week, former Sheffield United and England goalkeeper Alan Hodgkinson takes us for workouts. Mornings are spent entirely on strenuous physical exercises, each one geared to the sort of agile movements a 'keeper is likely to make during a game. In the afternoon, we concentrate on ball-work, dealing with shots and crosses.

I regard those two days as very valuable parts of a working week. Few people realise how much of a specialist position we goalkeepers occupy. That's why it's important to be coached by somebody who appreciates the preparation we need before we are 100 per cent ready for a match.

Of course, it's vital that the team as a whole should work well together as a unit. But I prefer to concentrate first on doing my own job properly. If every member of the side does that, it means the whole team is playing well.

I like to think our recovery last season indicated that was exactly what happened and that we're ready now to compete for top awards.

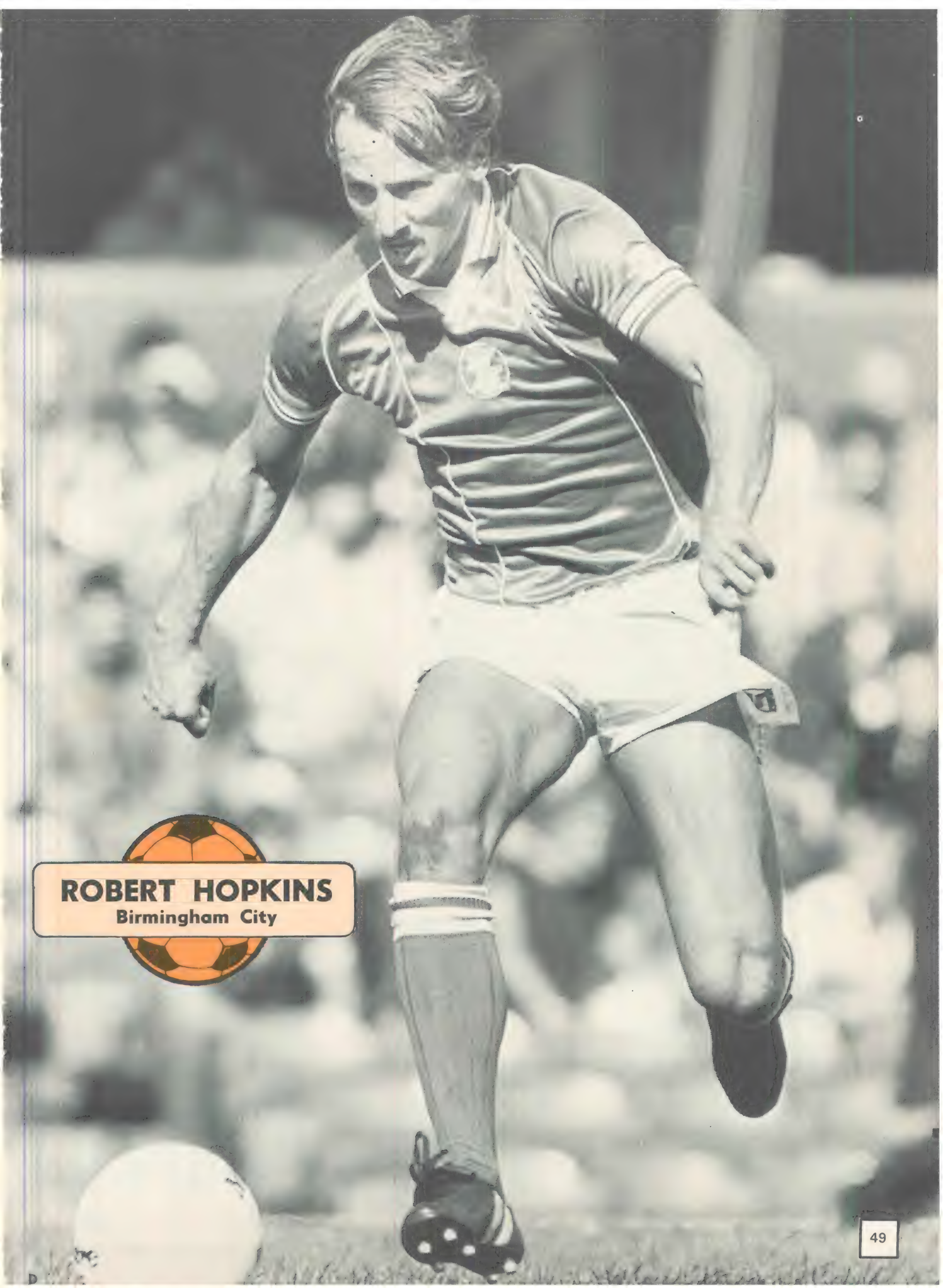




**ALLAN EVANS**  
Aston Villa







**ROBERT HOPKINS**  
Birmingham City



**I** WISH I had known at the age of 22 what I know now about professional football, and about winning and losing. I had a lot of success early on in my career with Nottingham Forest—the League Championship in 1978, two League Cup wins in '78 and '79, and the European Cup in '79.

At that time I was too young and inexperienced to appreciate what it really meant. I thought it was always going to be like that. Titles and trophies all the way. The successes kept coming and I never made the most of the occasion. All I used to think was 'this football isn't a bad game'.

Now I'd like to re-live that kind of success so that I can savour and enjoy it and store away a few

memories. I rather took things for granted then and I regret not making the most of it at the time. It all makes me desperate for honours at Arsenal in the next year or two. I grew up on success at Forest and I want more of it.

I want to win a European trophy again—to make up for the empty feeling I experienced at Forest after winning the European Cup.

My main memory of the final is of sitting in the dressing room

with the cup—and feeling completely deflated. You'd have thought we'd lost the final. The point was we had wanted to make it a showpiece game. We hoped to win the trophy in style, as we had won our matches on the way to the final.

But the Swedish club Malmö were scared to death of us. They played so negatively it killed the match stone dead. We won 1-0 but it was a disappointment.

I can still recall us sitting there feeling 'down' and Ian Bowyer suddenly jumping up and saying 'come on, lads—we've WON the cup, let's celebrate'. But nobody was in the mood. I think I'd know how to celebrate now.

Looking back we had nothing to apologise for. We beat the holders, Liverpool, in the first round. We never lost a game home or away in the competition. And we came back from 2-0 behind in the home leg against Cologne to draw 3-3. Everybody had written us off but we went to Germany full of confidence in ourselves, and won 1-0 out there.

Perhaps it was those two matches that began Cologne's interest in me—leading to my transfer to Germany the following season. It was the move that made the biggest difference to my development as a player and a person.

My contract at Forest was due for renewal at the end of that season, but the club knew they would get more for me in mid-season.

Cologne made a huge offer



# European Was A Big



of two million marks—around £700,000. It was an offer Forest couldn't refuse, even though they really wanted me to sign a new three year contract.

I benefited a lot with moving to Cologne. At Forest everything used to go through Brian Clough. We didn't have to do anything for ourselves. By going to Germany I was forced to face the realities of life. Organise my own affairs. Learn to cope with a new language. Settle in to a different style of football. It all made me more self-reliant. More confident.

I enjoyed my three seasons with Cologne. We finished second and third in the league, and finalists in the German Cup. Training was harder than in England, but the season was not so tough. With only 34 league matches there was just one match a week through the season.

I came very close to staying another year or two with Cologne—they certainly wanted me to carry on. In my last season we were chasing the championship with Hamburg. On the last day we needed to win and Hamburg to lose for us to collect the title.

We were both away from home, with tough games that could go either way. As it was we drew 4-4, and Hamburg drew 3-3. A goal difference either way and we'd have won the championship—and I would have stayed in Germany.

Instead I decided to come back to England. Liverpool,

Manchester United and Arsenal were all interested. As I fancied living in London, Arsenal was my choice.

My first two seasons with the Gunners were disappointing in that we didn't realise our full potential. There's no way we should ever have been out of the championship race.

It really shattered me that we failed to get into Europe after my first season at Highbury. I had got used to European games with Forest and Cologne. It breaks up the season. Brings in a bit of excitement when you are going off somewhere to play against different teams.

Apart from that I love seeing different places. I enjoy sightseeing. Some footballers never stray out of their hotel room no matter where they are. They go to the most glamorous spots in the world and never see them. I'm not like that. I like to look around at every opportunity.

When I was at Forest we played AEK Athens in the European Cup. The day before the match, a trip was laid on to the Acropolis. I loved it looking around the historic buildings. But Scottish internationalist John Robertson never even got off the coach.

"When you've seen one ruin, you've seen 'em all," said Robbo.

Some of my best memories from football have come from trips to play friendly matches. I went to Jerusalem with Forest, and that was fascinating. But the

finest memory I have is of a trip to Egypt with Arsenal.

We played a match in Cairo, and afterwards were free to do some sightseeing. Team-mate John Hawley and I decided to visit the pyramids at Alexandria, despite the fact that it was gone midnight, and pitch-black.

We collared a taxi to take us out into the desert to the pyramids. The taxi driver left us out there on our own, and you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. But then around five o'clock in the morning dawn began to break, and the sight of the sun rising over the pyramids was really fantastic.

We found a local guide to take us round—on the back of a camel!—and he took us up to the Sphinx, and the Great Pyramid. Once there he claimed he was the pyramid climbing champion—and challenged us to a race to the top.

There we were, in flip-flop shoes and shorts, scrambling up these massive blocks of stone in vain pursuit of the Egyptian who really was an expert and went up like a mountain goat. Manager Terry Neill would have had heart failure if he'd seen us—the top of the pyramid is over 400 feet high!

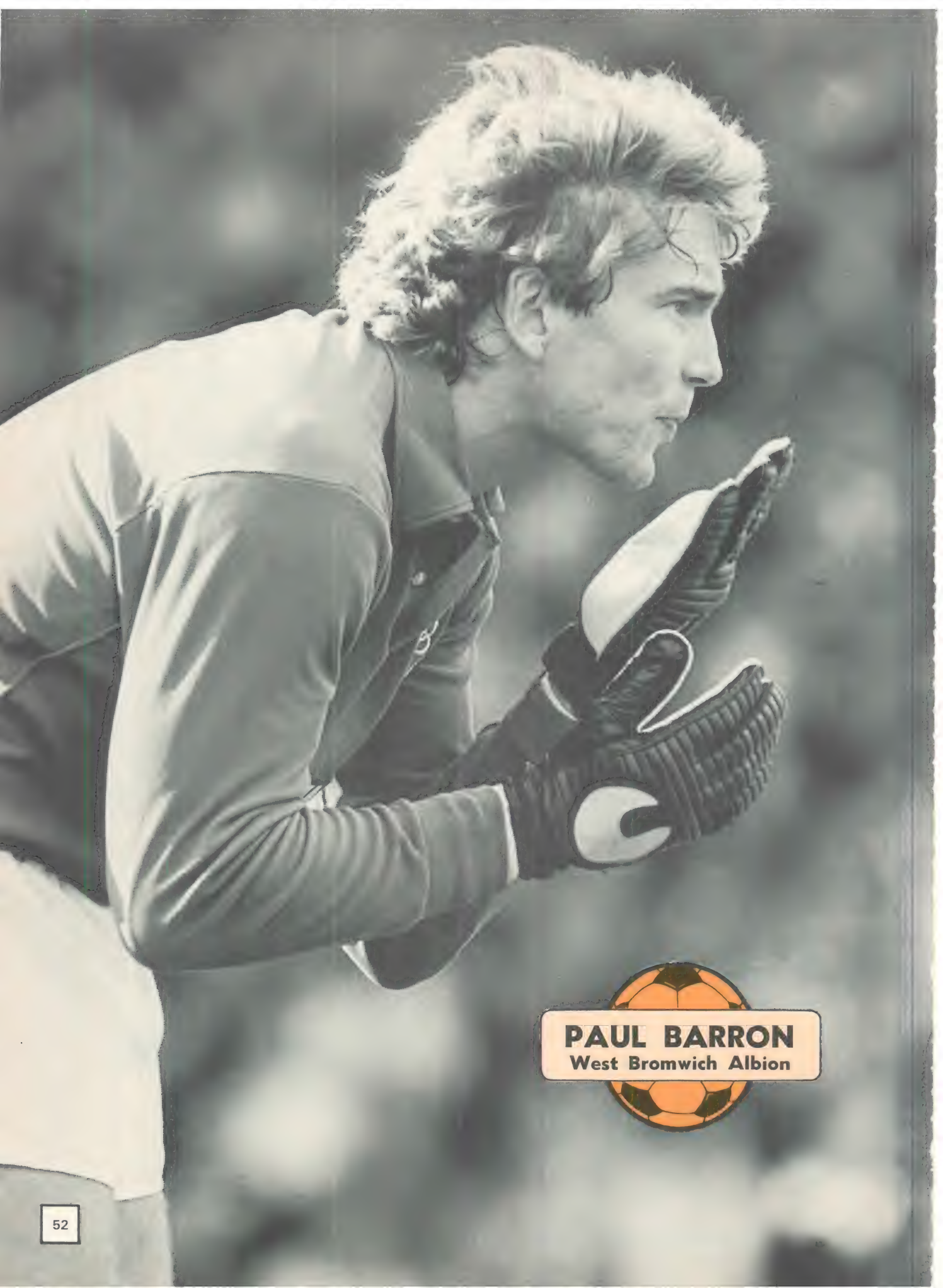
Football has given me marvellous memories like that. But I'd still like to be able to look back on more success and happy memories of the game itself.

That's why it's important to me to be on the winning side with Arsenal and England in the next year or two.

# Cup Win Let-Down

Arsenal's  
**TONY**  
**WOODCOCK**  
explains  
why





**PAUL BARRON**  
West Bromwich Albion



A black and white photograph of Chris Hughton, a footballer, in action. He is wearing a white Tottenham Hotspur jersey and dark shorts, dribbling a white football with 'MINERVA SUPREMI' written on it. The background is a blurred crowd in a stadium.

**CHRIS HUGHTON**  
Tottenham Hotspur



# THE FAR FLUNG FANS OF KERRY DIXON

Kerry Dixon missed two penalties in one match for Chelsea last season—and next day received a letter from one of his fans inviting him to go to Hell! The fan lived in Hell—a small town in Norway—and wanted his favourite player to visit him there!

It's just one of the hundreds of fan letters the Chelsea striker receives every year. For the last few years Kerry Dixon has been one of the few footballers running his own personal fan club—and it started when he was only a Third Division player.

The blond-haired bombshell was scoring goals for Reading

"A friend, Brian Roach, suggested a proper fan club and helped get things organised. It's really nice to know there are a lot of football fans around the world who are supporting me.

"I send them a regular news letter, and the fans write back with details of themselves. Without setting up the fan club I couldn't have handled all the mail, but now I enjoy the contact with supporters—even the ones in Hell."

The Kerry Dixon fan club is growing all the time as the Chelsea striker continues to knock in the goals. It's all a big change from the days when he was rejected by Spurs as a youngster.

**— from Norway to New Zealand they vote the Chelsea striker as their No. 1**

so regularly he was getting as much publicity as a First Division player. He wanted to reply to every letter—and decided to form a fan club to keep his supporters up to date.

Now his fan club has more than 250 members from all over the world, quite apart from the Reading and Chelsea 'locals'.

There are members in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, Bulgaria, West Germany, the U.S.A. and New Zealand.

"It just developed while I was at Reading. I was getting a lot of fan mail, and as I make a point of replying to everybody in person it was beginning to take up all my time," explains Kerry.

He'd joined them as a part-timer, and was top scorer for the Youth team. But when the time came for the step-up to full-time football, Spurs turned him down.

"I felt a bit sick at the time," recalls Kerry. "I'd played a full season in the youth team at Spurs, scoring 25 goals in 34 matches as we won the South East Counties League, I didn't see what more I could have done.

"But Spurs told me they couldn't see a place for me even in the reserve side, so they couldn't offer me a contract. After that I resigned myself to playing for fun, and working for a living.

"After being released I joined Dunstable in the Southern League, while carrying on my apprenticeship. One season in the

Southern League I scored 52 goals, and that attracted Reading, who made me an offer.

"Financially at first I was no better off playing than working—except the odd bonus made a difference. But I was doing something I enjoyed, and that was the best thing about it.

"I think that experience was good for me. I've seen how the other half live. Some players who go straight into professional football don't know how well off they are.

"I was resigned to working for a living. For four years while doing my apprenticeship I was working from eight until five every day, and it was hard. You can't compare that kind of life with professional football. I know how lucky I am to be paid for keeping fit and playing football.

"I appreciate my position all the more for having been through that. I know what the fan on the terrace feels like when he's done a hard week's work.

"I got lucky. But you require luck in any profession. The right opportunity at the right time when you need it. Of course you also must have confidence in yourself, and I've always had faith in my ability to score goals.

"Ever since I was a kid I've been setting goal-scoring records. 13 goals in one school match. 60 goals in a season for one junior team. 130 goals in a season for another junior side. For me the greatest thrill in life is watching the ball go in the net.

"These days I'm not so single minded about it as I once was. The first priority now is for the team to win. I still love to score, but if the team wins I'm happy, even if I don't get my name on the sheet."



Reading paid Dunstable £20,000 for Dixon's goalscoring ability, and he repaid them with 51 goals in 116 league matches. And he scored goals right from the start at Chelsea following his £150,000 move.

"It's great for a striker at Chelsea because manager John Neal likes to use wingers," says Kerry. "With Pat Nevin on one side and Micky Thomas on the other there are always going to be a few crosses coming my way.

"And if I'm not scoring goals myself, I feel I can take the pressure off the other lads just being around the box. I know I'm no different from other strikers—I will have spells when the ball is not going in the net. But I know I will get the scoring touch back.

"My ambition is to play for my country. I've never played international football at any level—schoolboy, youth or anything—and it would mean so much to me to wear an England jersey. I think that if I can score goals consistently in the First Division then I might have a chance."

Dixon could have jumped straight into the First Division from Reading. Coventry City were prepared to pay the same fee as Chelsea. But he was so impressed with the London club's potential he joined them, despite the fact they were in the Second Division.

"I went with Chelsea to Aberystwyth for pre-season training and during that week John Neal impressed me so much I had no hesitation in signing. Chelsea are a big club. They've got the set-up and the facilities.

"Above all they have tremendous support. The fans at Chelsea are second to none. The travelling support is great.

"Away from home it's unbelievable. We can hear our fans anywhere, and it gives us a tremendous lift. Through my fan club I feel I'm close to the fans. I like to hear what they think, and I like them to know what I'm all about.

"After all, without supporters there would be no professional football. I'll do everything I can to help the fans understand the players and the game."







**JAN LOHMAN**  
Watford





Ex-Aston Villa favourite **TONY MORLEY**, now in Albion colours, proves he's in no mood to show any favours to his former team as he blasts in this rocket shot. Too late to intercept are Villa's **DES BREMNER** and **GARY WILLIAMS**.



# CRASH



# LANDINGS



Spurs' TONY GALVIN is kept firmly in his place by VIV ANDERSON (Forest).





Keeping his ear  
to the ground is  
Man. United's  
**NORMAN  
WHITESIDE.**



On the wrong track  
is Forest's **COLIN  
WALSH** as he hits  
the sidelines.



Flat out goes  
Liverpool's skipper  
**GRAEME SOUNESS.**



Taking it all lying down  
is Watford's power-  
house midfielder  
**KENNY JACKETT.**



**TONY COTTEE**  
(West Ham) takes to  
the air as Everton's  
**NEVILLE SOUTHALL**  
hits the deck.





# I WANT

*That's the*

centre-half with Sheffield United but inside-left was my best position and Sheffield Wednesday was my favourite team.

At school I'd always had to play at the back and so that's where I started with United. But things didn't really work out for me and I struggled for a long time in the reserves.

Then one day I asked manager Jimmy Sirrel if I could play up front. He told me that if I could prove to him that I could score goals he would give me a chance. I got that chance and the goals started to come in the reserves. It wasn't too long before I forced my way up to the first team.

I played about 60 games for United before signing for Oldham for £60,000. My days at Oldham were spent mostly in a side struggling because of limited resources. So the club jumped at the chance when Q.P.R. were prepared to pay £275,000 for me. It was obviously a great move for me as well.

My game has really improved in my four years at the club. I was Terry Venable's first signing after he became manager in 1980. Terry has had a big influence on me. He knows the strengths of my game and he has worked out the best way to develop them. He creates the right attitude in all his players. I for one can't stand missing a game and have often carried an injury to keep playing.

I was very pleased with the way things went in our first season back in Division One. I hope that it pushed me closer to receiving international recognition for England.

I did play for the England youth team with players like Sammy Lee, Gordon Cowans and Chris Woods. I just hope that I get a chance to establish myself.

My ambition to play for England is very strong and I'm

**BELIEVE** I'm a winner. Whatever I play I like to win — not just football but any sport I have taken up such as cricket, snooker and squash. Now I'm having a go at boxing. I may not become a champion but I believe it's great training for football. Sparring in the ring toughens me up, teaches me to take knocks and improves my footwork.

I go to the gym quite often, mostly to do some weight training but I enjoy pulling the gloves on and stepping into the ring. You get knocks but I usually wear a mask to protect my head. I'm no expert but I certainly enjoy the experience. It makes a change from football.

Another break from football I really enjoy is a game of cricket in the summer. But I don't see it as a relaxing pastime. I enjoy it much more when the game is taken seriously and I can play at the highest possible level. There's time for a joke in any sport but for me that's after the game.

When I was at school in Sheffield I didn't really take cricket seriously. Football was my

game and I was happy to play that.

In the last few years though, I've really worked on my game with bat and ball. The most competitive level at which I've played cricket is in the Lancashire League. That was when I was playing football with Oldham. The standard is very high in the League. Every team has a professional and you can find yourself up against some well-known players.

I have batted against the two West Indian speed-kings Colin Croft and Joel Garner. Both Croft and Garner were very quick but I didn't mind facing them. It's just a matter of keeping your eye on the ball. Then you can either hit it or get out of the way.

Unfortunately here in the south they don't take it so seriously. All the same I still enjoy playing.

Despite the cricket I don't regret coming to Queen's Park Rangers to play at a higher level. I wanted the challenge of playing at a better club. Now we've established ourselves as a First Division team so the move has really worked out well.

I started my career as a



# TO BE A WINNER

*determined message from Q.P.R.'s SIMON STAINROD*

sure I could do a good job. I think I can compete on the same level as several players who have appeared for England in the last year.

In the past I have been classed with players like Rodney Marsh, Tony Currie, Peter Osgood and Alan Hudson. They all had the ability to have a long run in the England side but never really got the chance. The England team needs players with skill. Otherwise we will always lose to the best teams and even struggle to beat the mediocre ones.

Away from football I've got lots of interests besides sport. It's always nice to have something other than football to think about.

Over the last few years I've developed a taste for antique furniture. I was introduced to antiques by a dealer friend while I was at Oldham. Now I find that I only buy antique furniture. None of it is particularly valuable but it certainly looks nice in the house.

While at home I like to read as much as possible and listen to some good music. My favourite groups are the B 52s and the Clash. I also like Frank Sinatra and generally I have a wide taste in music. It would be nice to go to a few concerts but they're often on a Friday night which makes it impossible for me to go. I like to get an early night before a game on Saturday.

When we do go out I like to go to the cinema. I try to keep up with the best films when they come out. One film star of the past I particularly admire is Errol Flynn. His films are always great fun to watch. I've also read quite a lot about Flynn and he seems to have been a fascinating character. I hope I can play football with the same dash as he showed in his films.

I'm 25 now so I would hope to be able to keep playing for another seven or eight years yet.

After that I would like to stay in the game in some capacity. I have strong views on football and I would like to put them into practice as a manager. The three managers I have played under—Jimmy Sirrel at Sheffield United, Jimmy Frizzell at Oldham and Terry Venables—have all taught me a lot about the game.

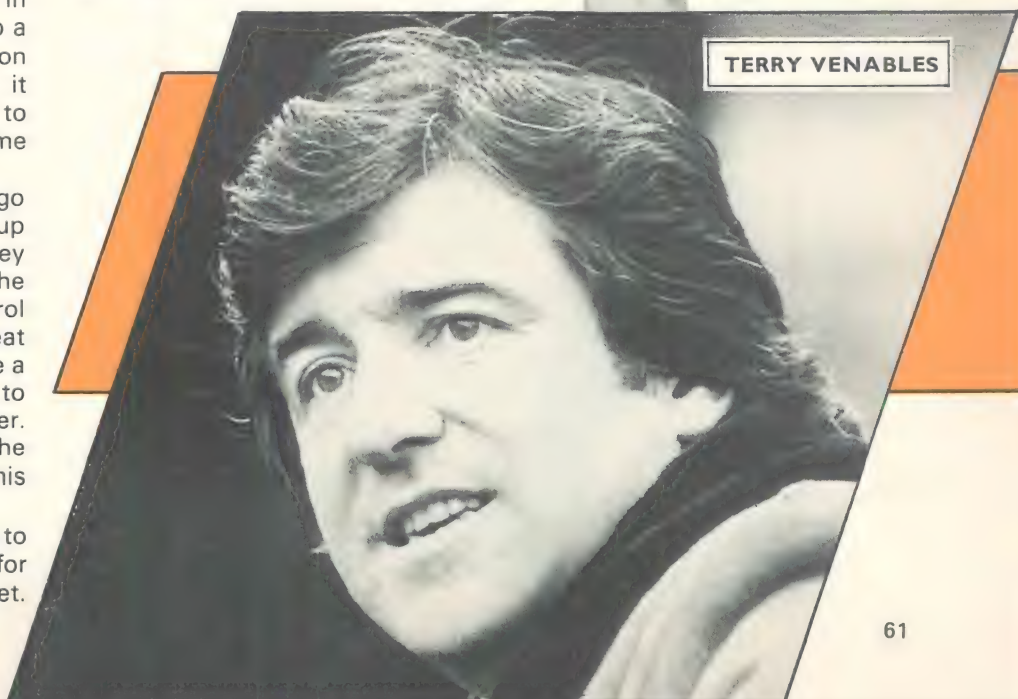
It would be a mistake for me to copy any one style though. I would want to be my own type of manager. I would certainly follow Terry Venables in many aspects but not entirely. We often disagree on various points.

I hope to be able to do some coaching over the next few years and even manage an amateur team. That would give me valuable experience for when I come to deal with professionals.

One thing I do know is that I would be a strong disciplinarian with the players. I believe that's the only way to get the best out of a team. It has been discipline and organisation that have brought us success at Q.P.R. over the last two seasons. It's a formula we mean to keep. We all want to be winners at Q.P.R.



JOEL GARNER



TERRY VENABLES



# BOGEY

## **SIMON GARNER.** Blackburn Rovers.

For his sheer power and presence, Mick McCarthy of Manchester City has to get my bogey man nomination.

He's so strong on the ball and is virtually unbeatable in the air. And although I have been lucky enough to score against him a couple of times, he always gives me my hardest game of the season.

In my opinion he does the work of two men and doesn't get as much praise as he deserves. I just wish I could fathom out his weaknesses, I've played against him a few times now, and still haven't found one!



## **NICKY PLATNAUER.** Coventry.

Even in my comparatively short time in Division One I have joined the fan club of Tottenham Hotspur's Glenn Hoddle, already firmly fixed in my book as my bogey man.

I don't think I've ever been as tired at the end of ninety minutes as I was after I played against Glenn. It seemed that throughout the game I was simply chasing shadows.

He doesn't have to resort to niggling or other illegal aspects of the game to gain advantage—it's all down to skill.

At the end of the game, I was just relieved it was all over, and glad I don't have to come up against him every week.



## **IAN PAINTER.** Stoke City.

My choice may be unusual in that it isn't just a bogey man, it's five of them! For my nod has to go to Liverpool's defence. I think superb is an accurate description of their ability.

They are very difficult to penetrate and always seem to be playing at half pace. But the truth is they are normally working overtime, it's just that they are so fit it doesn't appear so.

I'll never forget when we played them at Anfield in the League last season. We got thumped 5—1 and we were lucky to get away with that.

Every time I moved forward I had the ball whipped off my feet. In the end it got to be soul destroying. Never mind a bogey man, they are my bogey five.



## **BOBBY SMITH.** Leicester City.

For his sheer speed and control of the ball, my bogey man vote goes to Stoke City's England winger Mark Chamberlain.

The first time I came up against him, I made the mistake of giving him a couple of yards to come to me. I think by the end of the game, he had beaten me at least half a dozen times!

Apart from his basic speed, he is superb at creating space, and whenever I've come up against him he's used that to good advantage.

My policy towards him these days is to stay tight as possible but on occasions even that isn't enough. Without a shadow of a doubt the quickest player I have ever played against. He is certainly my bogey man.





# MEN!

Top players name  
their toughest  
opponents.

My choice is slightly unusual in that the opponent concerned is no longer playing. However, he made such an impression on me that I still have to nominate Paul Reaney of Leeds as my bogey man.

When I came into the first team in my Manchester City days, I remember I always used to get no change out of Paul. He read the game so well that he didn't ever need to break into a sweat—his positional sense was so good.

His tackling was sharp and crisp and he always let you know he was there. However, Paul wasn't dirty, just hard and uncompromising. And a lot of people didn't give him credit for the football skill he had too. Leeds could do with a player of Paul's stature at Elland Road now!

**PETER BARNES**  
Leeds United.

**STEVE McMAHON.** Aston Villa.



My bogey man must be Graeme Souness of Liverpool. He is undoubtedly the type of player you know is going to give you your hardest game of the season. Accordingly you have to be prepared for that.

Unfortunately, the first couple of times I played against Graeme I wasn't and I was punished for that. What made the matter worse was that I was an Everton player at the time and so player rivalry was more intense.

Consequently I was that bit more prepared for him in future games—I needed to be. However, Graeme will also allow his opposite man to play football, which in my mind always makes for a cracking confrontation.

**ARTHUR GRAHAM.** Manchester United.



My selection goes back to my days in Scotland, when I was playing for Aberdeen. Invariably, our hardest game was against Celtic and being on the wing I always had the daunting prospect of being marked by Danny McGrain.

The great thing about playing Danny was that he played hard but fair and we respected each other. All the same, he must rank as the toughest opponent I have faced, simply because of his experience and astute reading of the game.

In fact in all the games I played against Danny, I very rarely got more than the odd kick of the ball and always came off the field feeling slightly subdued.

**ALAN KENNEDY.** Liverpool.



Ray Wilkins (Manchester United)—I don't actually come into direct opposition to Ray, but speaking from the team's point of view, he has always been a thorn in Liverpool's side.

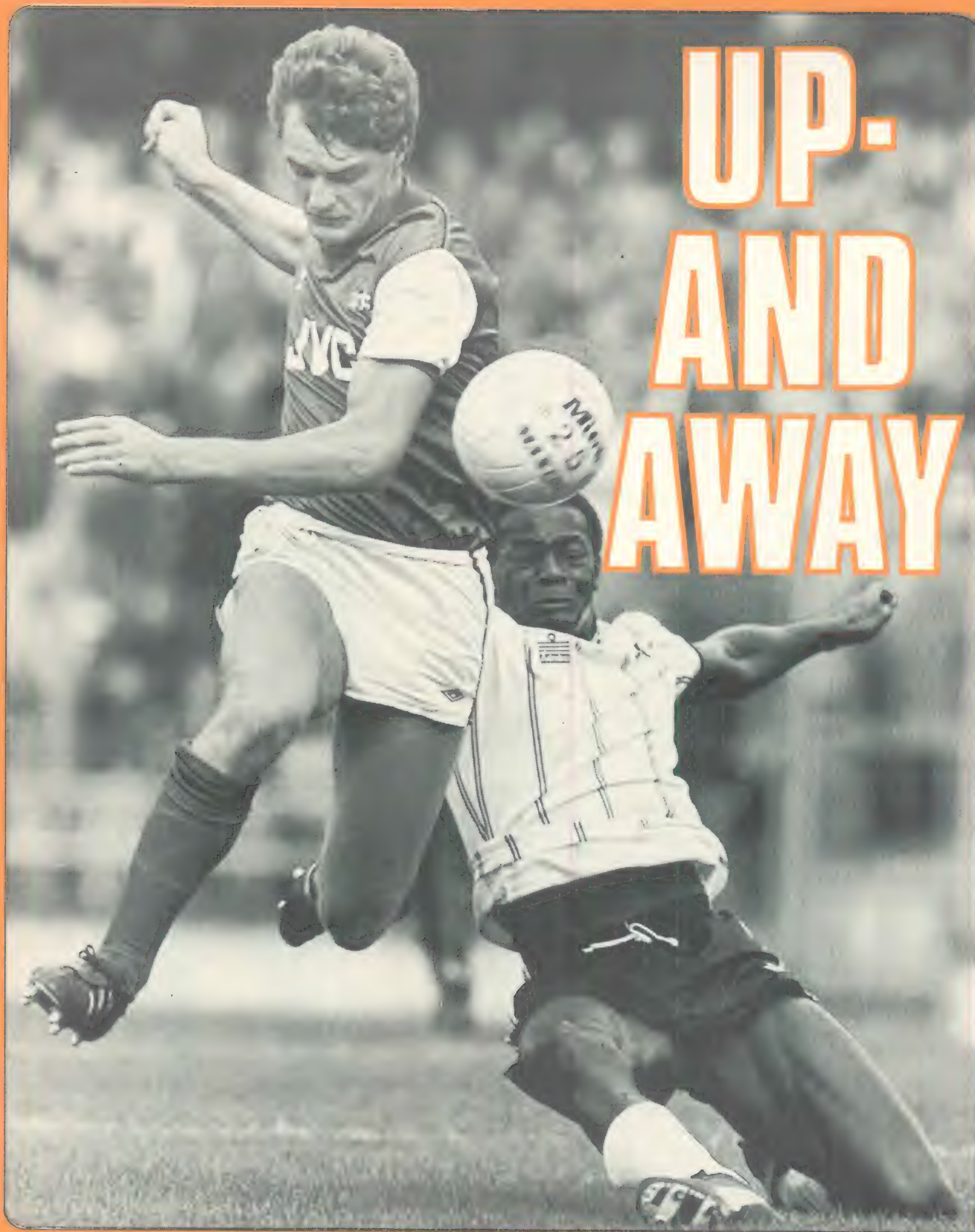
Ray is such a great passer of the ball. He plays the right ball at the right time.

I've played against United a number of times down the years. It isn't the wing man I'm up against who causes me problems. It's the service men like Steve Coppell, Arthur Graham and Remi Moses have received from Ray which has created my difficulties.

He hits the ball well with either foot. He has the ability to lift players around him. In my view, Ray should be a regular in the England side.







Arsenal defender COLIN HILL rounds JUSTIN FASHANU (Notts County) and heads off with the ball. It's the striker who has to give second best as he is thwarted in his quest for goals.





**JOHN BUMSTEAD**

Chelsea





# ALL CHANGE AT

**I**T isn't often that a club of Manchester United's stature has a 26-year-old as its longest serving first team regular. But that's been the case for me since people like Jimmy Nicholl and Sammy McIlroy left and Lou Macari dropped out of the line-up.

I've been at Old Trafford for almost 12 years now. And in that time I've seen a lot of changes both in terms of playing staff and managers.

I fell for the club as a 14-year-old down from Edinburgh on a week's trial during the school holidays. The day I became 15, I signed apprentice forms.

It was a little unusual because I'd never given a thought to professional football as a career. No other clubs in Scotland or England showed a flicker of interest. But United saw something in me when I was playing in a schoolboys side. They invited me down, along with three or four other young Scots.

Frank O'Farrell was manager at the time, but it was former Old Trafford idol Pat Crerand who was in charge of the youngsters.

When other outfits heard of United's interest, there was suddenly a rush of people wanting to talk to me. But by then I'd already decided. I'd been very

pleased with the way I was treated at Old Trafford. I didn't see any point in complicating the issue with a wider choice.

Apart from the size and facilities of the club, it was the little things United did that swayed me their way. If they said they would send plane tickets to Edinburgh on a certain day, the tickets would drop through the letter-box bang on schedule. The organisation was so good.

At 15, hundreds of miles from home, there might have been problems of homesickness. But my digs were so homely and there were so many other boys my age in the same position that there was no difficulty in that direction at all.

I'd decided when I joined that I was going to give my two year apprenticeship a real go. I wasn't intending missing any training just because I fancied travelling to Scotland to see the family.

I restricted my visits to perhaps one every six weeks. Concentrated hard on my football and was rewarded with a professional contract at 17.

I played a few first team matches over the next two seasons but my real break came three weeks before United were due to meet Liverpool in the FA Cup Final in 1977.

Regular left back Stewart Houston broke his ankle and I was drafted in by the then manager, Tommy Docherty. I had a few games, then came the big one. Wembley.

Liverpool were aiming at the League-Cup-European Cup treble and United were definitely underdogs for the game. But we won 2-1 and I had a fair match. Even so, I didn't really think I was entitled to a winner's medal.

The final was my first ever FA Cup tie. Stewart had played in all the previous rounds. I offered him the medal I felt should have been his.

He refused to accept it, however, pointing out I'd played my part in the final and it was mine by right. It was a terrific attitude for him to take.

Stewart came back into the side the next season when he was fit and I switched from left to right back and back again. Eventually I established myself in the team and have been there more or less ever since.

Tommy Docherty gave way to Dave Sexton and there was a dramatic change in the team's style, as well as new faces at the club.

The Doc's side wasn't what you'd call sophisticated. It was an 'up-and-at-'em' job. We just charged forward again and again.



**TOMMY DOCHERTY**



**DAVE SEXTON**



**RON ATKINSON**



# OLD TRAFFORD

Great to play in and the supporters loved it.

Dave was a totally different type to Tommy. He was a first class tactician who knew football inside out. A nicer bloke you couldn't wish to meet.

Under him we played controlled, considered football. The fans preferred The Doc's way, but I must say I learned a tremendous amount about the game from Dave.

Possibly his one failing was that he didn't come over to our huge number of fans in the way that Tommy Docherty and present boss Ron Atkinson do.

He didn't project himself and with so many supporters looking for an outgoing personality as the boss of Manchester United. Dave was always at a disadvantage.

When Ron Atkinson took over it became clear he had a bit of each of his predecessors. He likes a laugh and a joke, communicates well with the supporters—like the Doc. He also has a good tactical knowledge—like Dave Sexton.

When a new manager comes to a club your first thought, however, is if he'll rate you. That applies even more strongly at United because there is always so much money available to buy high quality new players.

I've been fortunate. I've stayed in the side through each change of boss. It would be great if I could finish my career here, but so many things could happen that you can't afford to look that far ahead.

The major change for me in the last couple of seasons has been the fact I've become a full internationalist with Scotland.

Many people had put my name forward for quite a long time, but it wasn't until just before the '82 World Cup that I made my debut.

Before then I'd been one of the very few United players who hadn't been capped by his country. I used to train with the

**Manchester United's**  
**ARTHUR**  
**ALBISTON**  
**takes a long look**  
**back**

reserves and the kids while my team-mates jetted off to international matches around the world.

To be truthful, at that stage I wasn't too upset about being overlooked. I believed that I probably simply wasn't good enough to play at that sort of level, though I was a regular First Division performer.

I've always believed you have to keep international football in perspective. The club are the ones who pay your wages. Marvellous though it is to represent your country, it really is just the icing on the cake.

I have gained a great deal of confidence over the last couple of years and I now feel I am good enough to play regularly at international level.

I haven't always proved that in my early matches for Scotland, but I'm hoping that with a few games under my belt, my club form will emerge.





# THE SHIT SHOW

**A super display of souvenirs that are testimony to the success-filled career of England and Southampton keeper PETER SHILTON. Cups and caps, medals and silverware from all over tell the story of the winning style that's made him a world class performer.**



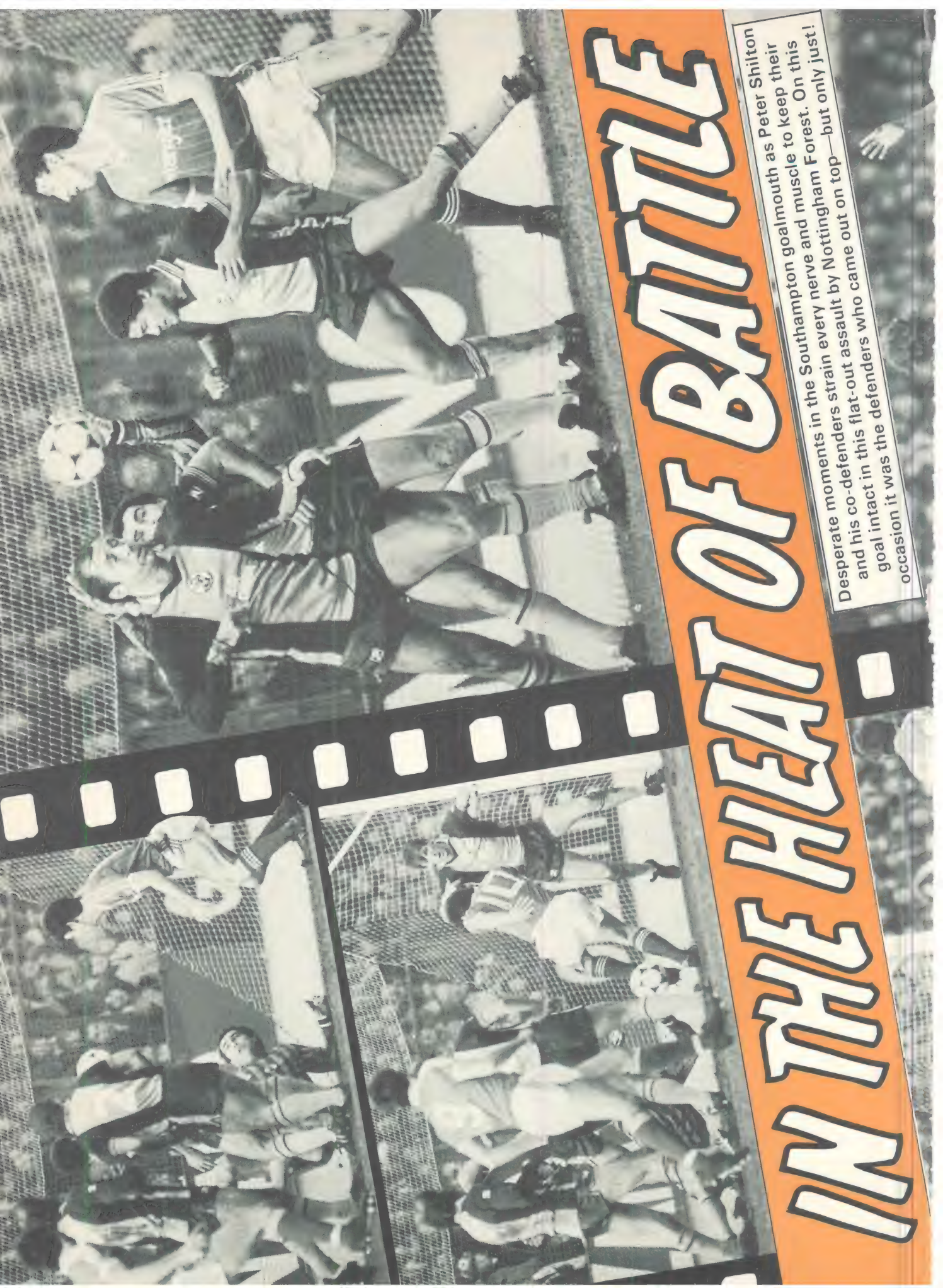


A close-up portrait of a man with curly brown hair, smiling. He is wearing a white soccer jersey with a blue collar and blue stripes on the shoulders. The background is a blurred outdoor setting, likely a stadium.

**CLIVE ALLEN**  
Queen's Park Rangers








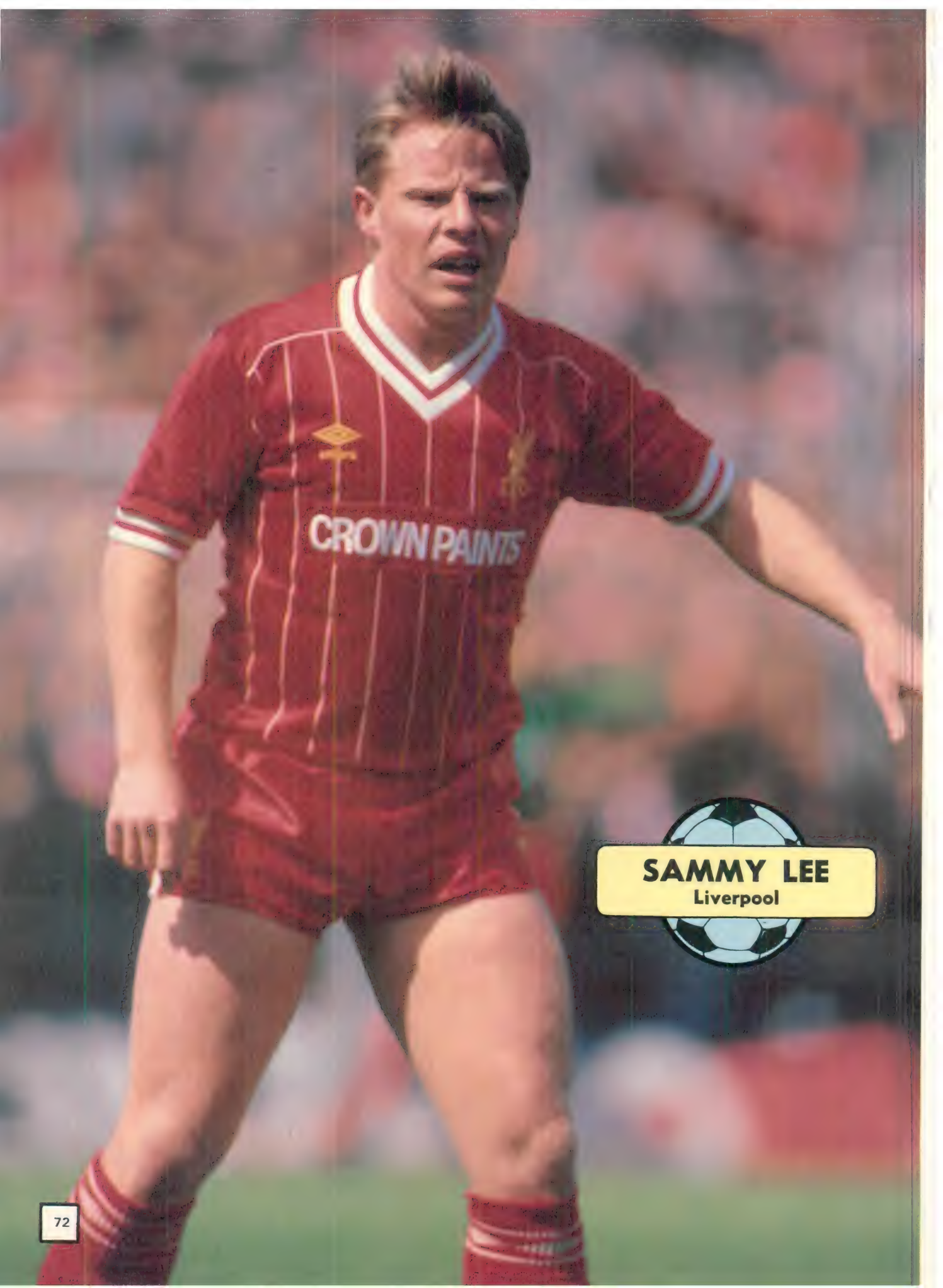
# IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE

Desperate moments in the Southampton goalmouth as Peter Shilton and his co-defenders strain every nerve and muscle to keep their goal intact in this flat-out assault by Nottingham Forest. On this occasion it was the defenders who came out on top—but only just!









**SAMMY LEE**  
Liverpool





**IMRE VARADI**

Sheffield Wednesday





# WHY WEDNES

**H**AVE you ever stopped to wonder how some of the famous football clubs in England and Scotland got their names? The background to how some teams were "christened" is fascinating. Take Sheffield Wednesday, for instance.



Why Wednesday? The reason is simple. More than a hundred years ago, the lads of Sheffield who were interested in football and cricket could play only on Wednesday afternoons, traditionally early closing day for shop assistants.

In fact, the first "Sheffield Wednesday" was a cricket club. It was in 1867 that a football section began, playing under the same name as their cricketing colleagues. Strangely enough, Wednesday's rivals across the city Sheffield United also took their name from a local cricket club.



Cricket also played a major part in the formation of one of the Midlands' most famous clubs, Aston Villa. They might never have made the top ranks of soccer but for the 'keep fit' efforts of a bunch of young cricketers from the Villa Cross Wesleyan Chapel.

During the winter months, they



**HOWARD WILKINSON**  
boss of Sheffield Wednesday

met regularly for a kick-about in the local Aston park. One day, a young Scot named George Ramsay who was working in the area, joined them and it was he who suggested they should form a proper club.

The title they chose was "Aston Villa" and Ramsay not only became their first captain, but remained with the famous club for over fifty years.

Aside from cricket, there have been many other factors behind the choice of club names, none so more important than location.



For instance, take the case of Nottingham Forest. More than a century ago, a great many Nottingham folk played a game called shinney, a form of hockey played with knobby sticks. Their matches took place on part of Sherwood Forest, made famous



# DAY?

## How some top clubs made their names

by Robin Hood and his band of merry men.

By 1865, the Football League's first member—Notts County—had begun to attract the local sports fans, and the shinney players, in a bid to challenge County, decided to switch sports and take up soccer. To retain something of their past, however, they decided to call themselves Nottingham Forest, and the name has been with them ever since.

Buildings have also played a vital part in the history and formation of club names.

The men who formed the first soccer club in Devon back in 1886 chose the name Argyle Athletic Club as their first meeting was held in a house in Argyle Terrace, Plymouth. That title was changed seventeen years later to Plymouth Argyle.



Crystal Palace also took their name from a building, this time the famous entertainment pavilion with its two huge glass towers which overlooked the ground on which the F.A. Cup Finals were played from 1895 to 1914. Workers at the Palace started their own football club in the 1870's, but it achieved little success and soon folded.

However, a new start was made in 1905. Much has happened since those days. The Crystal Palace was burned down, but by then the club had found new quarters and today their only link with the all-glass Palace is their name.

Another famous London club whose title comes from their original home is Arsenal. The club was formed 'way back in 1886 by workers at the huge munitions factory at Woolwich.



Their first title was Royal Arsenal F.C., which later was changed to Woolwich Arsenal. In 1913 the Gunners packed up in South East London and restarted at Highbury in North London with the word "Woolwich" dropped from their title.



The story behind the formation of their North London rivals Spurs is also a fascinating one. In 1882, a group of friends held a meeting under a lamp-post in Tottenham High Road to discuss the formation of a football team. All were in agreement except for the choice of name for the new club.

Eventually, on the suggestion of one of the lads, they decided to call themselves Hotspur F.C. Why Hotspur you may ask? It came from the thrilling stories of Henry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, who fought to the death at the Battle of Shrewsbury many years before. Percy was nicknamed Harry Hotspur and his family had close connections with the North London district. Three years after the formation Hotspur became Tottenham Hotspur.



At the other end of the soccer spectrum, little Crewe Alexandra took

their name from a pub. It happened at a meeting of the members of a cricket club, who also played a bit of rugby, but who had decided to form a soccer club. That meeting was held at The Alexandra Hall—hence the name.

In 1874, pupils and teachers at the Christ Church Sunday School, Bolton, formed Christ Church F.C.

However, they had difficulty finding a settled ground and were refused permission to meet at the Church Hall. After three difficult seasons one of the team suggested they were "wanderers." This led to Bolton Wanderers F.C.

There are interesting tales, too, of how the two Scottish Glasgow giants Celtic and Rangers got their names.

In 1873, the members of a rowing club at Gareloch on the Clyde decided to form a football club. When discussing a possible name, one of the members recalled an English rugby club by the name of Rangers—and the name stuck.



Two years later, a dozen or so Irishmen living and working in Edinburgh, formed a club—Hibernian. This prompted similar action in 1877 by Irish workers in Glasgow and Glasgow Celtic was born.

Finally, the League lists of today might contain many unfamiliar names if some of the teams had retained their original titles.

Birmingham City was Small Heath Alliance; Oldham Athletic was Pine Villa; Aberdeen's first title was Victoria United; Bristol Rovers was the Black Arabs; Gillingham was known as New Brompton and Oxford United was called Headington United.

Just think, we could have had Pine Villa at home to Headington United in Division Two, and the Black Arabs travelling to New Brompton!





**STEVE WIGLEY**  
Nottingham Forest





A full-page photograph of a soccer player, Keith Bertschin, in action. He is wearing a yellow long-sleeved jersey with a green grid pattern and the text 'ATHEY WOODS' in red. He is also wearing green shorts and yellow socks with three black stripes. He is dribbling a black and white soccer ball with his right foot. The background is a blurred crowd in a stadium.

**KEITH BERTSCHIN**  
Norwich City



# MARATHON MEN

MARATHON RUNNING—ONCE AN EVENT FOR ONLY THE DEDICATED ATHLETE—HAS MUSHROOMED INTO A SPORT THAT EVERYONE CAN TAKE PART IN—AND THAT GOES FOR FOOTBALLERS, TOO.

## JOHN McGOVERN (Bolton Wanderers)

*Since becoming manager of Bolton Wanderers, I've been determined to do anything possible to help our fans keep the club alive. They formed the Bolton Lifeline Society to raise funds for the club when we were in serious financial difficulties a couple of seasons ago.*

*As part of their activities, they started a running club and entered a team in the Bolton Marathon in the summer of last year. In appreciation of their efforts, I volunteered to run with them in my very first 26-mile event.*

*Naturally, I had to do extra training prior to the day of the marathon, but very early in my build-up I suffered a severe setback. During a half-marathon run, I strained a calf muscle which took about six weeks to clear up.*

*So I went into the event with very little preparation. That meant I approached the run with a feeling of slight trepidation. Having never experienced a run of that length before, I had no idea how I would fare. And I would have been very embarrassed had I failed to finish. Therefore, I decided to pace myself very carefully, concentrating solely on reaching the finishing line.*

*I even stopped after 18 miles to give an interview for a local radio station which seemed quite natural at the time, but rather unusual when I thought about it later. At the finish I felt elated at having completed the course, but wished it had been run on grass. For a footballer, running on concrete takes its toll on the joints.*

*But the factor which made it all worthwhile was the £5,000 raised by myself and the society's members which was donated to Bolton Wanderers. That figure ensures that the marathon is a major fund-raising event for the club, so I've pledged to continue doing my bit by running in future events.*

## KEVIN KEEGAN (Newcastle Utd.)

Kevin Keegan's non-stop, all-action style earned him a world-wide reputation as one of football's 'Marathon Men'. But even Kevin took on something a little extra special when he raced in the Great North Run the summer before last.

Special K. didn't just canter the 13-mile course from Newcastle to South Shields... he pushed a youngster in a wheelchair in the process! The aim was to raise much-needed money to help buy an electron microscope for the Muscular Dystrophy research lab at Newcastle's General Hospital. And didn't he do well.

The machine in question costs around £90,000 and Kevin helped raise the quite staggering sum of £61,000 towards its purchase. Nice one, Kev!



## MARK SMITH (Sheffield Wednesday)

If I hadn't been a professional footballer I would have loved to get involved in athletics at club level. I'm particularly fond of the sport. It was that interest which sparked off the idea of running in the Sheffield marathon. My team-mates Charlie Williamson and Andy McCulloch (now Crystal Palace) joined me to help out a local charity.

Andy and Charlie put in a lot of running as preparation. I made the mistake of thinking my football training would see me through. Unfortunately in a marathon you use muscles that aren't called upon in football. My calf muscles were screaming out after only six miles!

I was the only one of the Wednesday trio not to finish. I was disgusted with myself. I had to flag down my parents' car after 17 miles and hitch a lift to the finish.

Even more humiliating was the fact that my younger brother Neil actually completed the course.

We had been running together and when I was ready to give in so was he. Although I was disappointed I wasn't going to finish, it was a bit easier knowing Neil wasn't going to make it either.

As I got into my parents' car suddenly he was nowhere to be seen. Next thing I saw of him was as he ran through the finishing tape! My mother revealed to me that his only ambition was to beat me. However, I still managed to raise money for muscular dystrophy research.

## SIMON BARKER (Blackburn Rovers)

Blackburn Rovers midfielder Simon Barker is a fully fledged Marathon Man after competing in the 1983 Pony Marathon held at Bolton. In completing the race in a little over three hours, Simon achieved a personal ambition.

"What made the event easier was that I went round with a friend," said Simon. "So I could see I wasn't going through torture myself! I prepared for the event all summer while we were on holiday and away from the rigours of club duty. I must admit that sometimes training could be a bind.

"I found the Marathon really gruelling and very hard work, and I must admit there were times when I wondered if I would get round. But one thing I definitely decided upon when the race was over was that was my first and last Marathon. One is enough for anyone!"

## PETER FOX

## PETER FOX (Stoke City)

*I wasn't out to beat any records the day I took part in the Potteries Marathon. It was one of the hottest days of the summer—the temperature was recorded at 81 degrees. So I figured a gentle run would leave me with enough stamina to finish the course. I'd leave the pace-setting to the experts.*

*Actually, I'd always fancied taking part in the London event, but that one clashes with the football season, so it wasn't until late on that Stoke City's reserve team coach, Tony Lacey, and I decided to enter the local race.*

*We only had 35 days from the last day of the league programme to prepare for it, so we scrapped our holiday plans, in order to get in as much training as possible. We began with a leisurely four-mile run on the first day, working up gradually to a 20-mile session on our last outing before the Marathon. During that 35-day spell, we clocked up around 140 miles.*

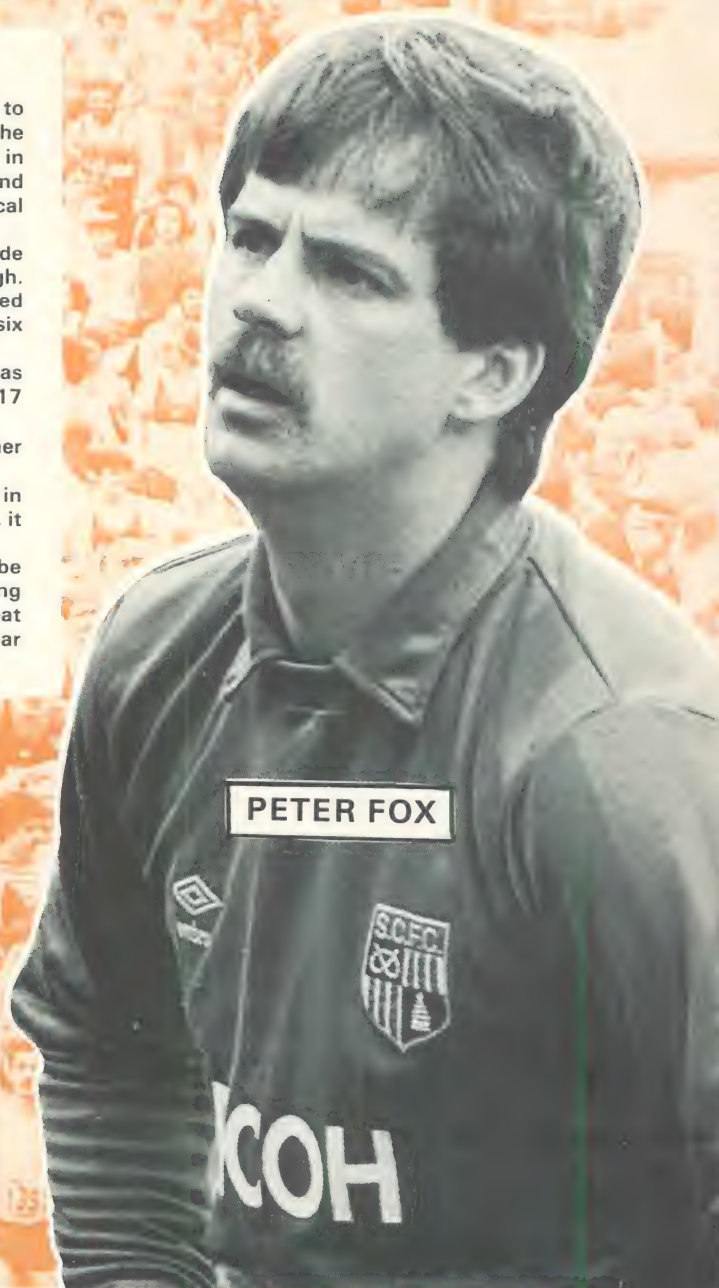
*There were two sections in the race—one for fun entrants and the other for serious contenders. I joined the former, as I had no ambitions to break the tape first. Tony was a bit more serious. He wanted to record a good time. So while he was plodding on ahead, I was busy enjoying myself. Stopped several times to chat to people along the roadside who'd turned out to cheer me on. As it happened, I finished the course in four hours and 20 minutes, which I considered a very fair time.*

*Tony finished ten minutes ahead of me, but spent ten minutes in the hospital tent, wrapped in aluminium foil as he was suffering from dehydration.*

*I was amazed at the amount of weight I lost during the Marathon. I expected some decrease, so I'd deliberately put on six pounds during the week leading up to the race. Plenty of potatoes, bread, cakes and fluid saw to that.*

*But even after drinking two pints of water and eating a couple of chocolate bars at the end of the race, I was still eight pounds down on my starting weight. I must have shed about ten pounds during the run.*

*The main feeling afterwards, however, was that it had been a thoroughly enjoyable day out. And I couldn't have been in better shape when I reported for pre-season training a few weeks later.*







**MARK CHAMBERLAIN**

**Stoke City**



# SOUTHALL-

*Safe and Sure*



Everton 'keeper **NEVILLE SOUTHALL** deals with the airborne challenge of **DAVID ARMSTRONG** (Southampton) showing the form that made him such an important figure in Everton's F.A. Cup-winning run. Team-mate **KEVIN RATCLIFFE** is on hand in case of any slip-up.



# WHAT A SEASON-

**I**F Manchester City had won back their place in the First Division last season it would have completed a dream campaign for myself.

The fact we finished fourth and missed promotion was the only blemish on the term.

I couldn't have bettered the way things went for me. To be recognised by the supporters of your club, fellow professionals and your adopted country are the top honours for any footballer.

At the head of the list had to be my international call-up by Eire. Although I was born and

The third personal honour I won last term was Manchester City Supporters Player of the Year trophy. But I must confess that one really embarrassed me. Although I was very thrilled to receive it I couldn't help but feeling a little like a gatecrasher at a party.

I had been at Maine Road for only three and a half months and I don't think it's justified over that short period.

Having said that I was really proud and the biggest thrill came when I looked at the names of previous winners on the trophy and saw the likes of Colin Bell,

then Oakwell manager, Norman Hunter, that it was difficult to change a winning side, I was annoyed that they stood in my way when I could have joined Newcastle, and yet now found I had to play in the reserves because there was no place for me in the first team.

I decided then I'd have to push for a transfer. Although I won my place back in the side, my demand for a move had alerted the big clubs once more.

Manchester City and Newcastle again were the main interested parties. Actually I never went to speak to anyone at St

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## Manchester City's Mick McCarthy can hardly believe his luck!

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bred in Barnsley, nobody could have been more honoured than I was when I received the invitation to join Eire's summer tour of Japan.

I qualified for the call-up because my father, Charles, was born in Waterford, Southern Ireland. He is my biggest critic, but for me to be involved with his home country made him tremendously proud.

The Eire honour surpassed the medal I won in March for being picked by my fellow professionals to be in the Second Division PFA team.

It took my tally of PFA medals to six in the seven seasons I've been a senior professional. To have the respect of the men you knock around week in, week out is tremendous. Those awards mean a lot to me. They have certainly boosted my confidence over the years.

Francis Lee and Mike Summerbee. To have my name engraved alongside theirs was a marvellous feeling.

That award capped a terrific move to Maine Road from Barnsley last December. Ironically the season didn't kick off in great fashion for me.

During the summer there was a lot of speculation about me joining Newcastle United. I was very interested obviously. I'd been quite happy at Barnsley but knowing a top club wanted my services unsettled me.

Newcastle finally came up with a £250,000 offer for me. Barnsley rejected it, so I started the season with them.

After only three matches I was sent off and so two games later I was out through suspension. The team played well and I couldn't get back in the side.

Although I agreed with the

James's Park. My only talks were with the management at Maine Road. I was so impressed I joined for a £200,000 fee.

Many folk have since asked me if I was disappointed that Newcastle pipped City for promotion. It didn't bother me in the least that it was United. The mere fact someone was ahead of us upset me.

I was very pleased with the way I slipped easily into the swing of things at Maine Road. Two factors helped towards that.

Firstly, when I arrived, City boss Billy McNeill told me he just wanted me to play as I had been doing for seven seasons at Barnsley.

Secondly, I think it is a lot easier for a defender to settle down into someone else's pattern. Certainly I had to form an understanding with my central defensive partner Kevin Bond. But



that is nothing considering what players in other positions have to get used to. Strikers, for instance, have to rely on service from other people. If it doesn't come right they can look terrible.

It all contributed to a pressure-free start to life with one of the top line outfits.

Since moving to a club that attracts a lot more media attention I've noticed even more the type of words used to describe me as a player. Enthusiastic, a trier, a competitor, aggressive. I'm waiting for the day when someone actually says I'm not a bad player either!

I suppose I should take those descriptions as a compliment. But sometimes I can't help feeling a little bothered by them. I don't want to be known only as a 'destroyer'. I know I'm not as talented as some footballers. However, I think I can play a bit of football as well.

My number one job is to defend, but I would like to improve more on my distribution. Make more use of the ball when I have the time. So long as I don't get obsessed by it and neglect the things I'm best at, there is no reason why I shouldn't be more creative.

I'm very lucky to have worked under two managers who played in the role I now fill. Norman Hunter and Billy McNeill were two of the best defenders in England and Scotland during their heydays. I've been able to pick their brains and they've both helped me improve my game.

I love being a footballer. I could not have wished for a better career. However, if at the age of 16 a proposed job as an electrician at the pit in Barnsley had come off, I'd never have gone into football at all!

At that age I was determined I wasn't going to make football my career. I'd been to Sheffield United as a 15-year-old for a trial, but came back before the week was up.

I didn't fancy getting involved in the rat race of the professional game. I was happy to play for a local Boys' Club side and look forward to a career as an electrician.

Money was also a big



attraction at the time. I could have earned over £40 a week at the pit compared to only £14 as a professional footballer.

However the job at the colliery didn't materialise and six months after leaving school I was still on the dole. At the time I had progressed to playing part-time for Barnsley reserves after the boys' club boss Keith Steele recommended me to his father Johnny Steele, who was manager for so long at Oakwell.

The club wanted me to sign

on full professional terms and as my future looked bleak outside of the game I decided I had nothing to lose.

The fear that I wouldn't make it in the game, which put me off football as a pro when I left school, was soon long forgotten. I established myself quickly at Barnsley and have never looked back since.

I now want to complete the story by helping Manchester City back into the First Division this season.



## **FULL STRETCH!**

Caught in this burst of muscle straining action are Villa's **PAUL RIDEOUT** (left) and Spurs **CHRIS HUGHTON**.





# OUT OF MY WAY

Seems that **GRAEME SOUNESS** is determined that nothing will stand in his way of getting that ball—not even the presence of Ipswich's **TREVOR PUTNEY**.





## **The driving force behind Rangers' DAVE McPHERSON —**

Until such time as Rangers are back at the top and winning every honour in sight, I'd much prefer to share the trophies with Celtic than see them heading for the East of Scotland. Strange as that may sound coming from a Rangers' player, I can assure you I certainly mean it.

The fact is, I'm very resentful of Aberdeen and Dundee United being labelled as Scotland's "New Firm". While I'd be the first to agree the pair from the East have achieved great success over a short period of time, I believe their challenge will disappear just as rapidly as it has appeared.

So, while the ideal situation is for Rangers to mop up every honour in sight, I'd rather see Celtic getting a share of the glory than the East Coast. The sooner Scotland's footballing might returns to Glasgow the better, as far as I'm concerned.

And, believe me, I mean to have a very big say in achieving that. I feel I've done fairly well since ex-Rangers' boss John Greig gave me a crack at the first team, back in September 1981.

I picked up a League Cup medal last season, played in the Scottish Cup Final of season '82-83, took part in the World Youth Championships in Mexico '83 and launched my Scotland Under-21 career last season.

So I've squeezed in a fair amount so far, and I reckon my success is mainly down to one thing—ambition. That's not just ambition for myself. In fact, it's for the good of the club more than anything.

One of the most vivid memories of my childhood was going along to cheer on Rangers and expecting nothing less than a win from them, no matter what the opposition. I've never





# AMBITION!

forgotten that and, in these days as a player, it's become one of my main ambitions to help push Rangers back up to those heights. Most certainly it just doesn't seem right turning out in the team and losing.

Football played an enormous part in my life even in the days when I used to watch Rangers rather than play for them. I was never interested in my school studies. I'd spend most of my time in class looking forward to my next game!

So I was fairly pleased when I managed to collect five 'O' Grades at school in Glasgow. Even finding the time to study for those exams was something of a problem.

During weekends, for instance, the time when most of my classmates would get down to a bit of revision, I'd be busy playing—and watching—football. On Saturday mornings, I'd turn out for my school team, then, after a light lunch, I'd play for Pollok United.

Those games would always finish in time for me to take in most of Rangers' matches, then I'd go home and settle down to watch whatever game was on TV at night. Sundays were a bit quieter, however. I'd play only one game in the morning with a junior side in East Kilbride.

Looking back, I must say it was pretty exhausting, but it was also great fun. And that kind of non-stop action has proved great training for the sort of schedule I have to play to with Rangers.

As soon as I left school with my five 'O' Grades, I was called up to the ground staff at Ibrox. Shortly afterwards, I was farmed out to Gartcosh Juveniles where I spent around 12 months gaining experience.

Then came my big break. About 18 months after I returned to Ibrox, John Greig gave me the opportunity to make a name for

myself in the first team. We were going through a fairly hard spell, and I guess the manager reckoned I could freshen up the defence a bit. I'm very glad he felt that way. I made my competitive first-team debut in a League Cup tie against Brechin City on September 23, 1981, and reckon I've never really looked back.

Obviously, because he gave me the opportunity to prove my worth in the first team, I'll always be grateful to John Greig. In that sense, his departure from Ibrox hit me a fair bit harder than most at the club.

However, he'll always remain the man who did most to influence my career. He had the faith to give me my chance and taught me just about everything I know about the game.

I still feel there's one thing lacking in my play, however. And, especially as my favourite position is at centre-half, it's absolutely vital I put a bit more "steel" into my tackling.

My father, James, has always said my challenges need that bit extra, and manager Jock Wallace has been encouraging me to give a bit more since he arrived, too.

However, to a large extent, I reckon that extra strength will come with experience. All I can do at the moment is concentrate on picking up as many hints as possible from other players.

One player who had a big influence on me as a youngster was one-time Ibrox centre-half, Colin Jackson. It would be great to be as successful a player as "The Bomber." Aberdeen defender, Willie Miller, is another player I really admire.

There aren't many strikers who can face him and beat him when he's playing well. That's something I'd like said of me one day, too.

Who knows? Maybe I, too, will get the chance to show what I can do for the full Scotland team.

After all, neither Willie Miller nor Alex McLeish can stay at the top for ever. Any footballer's international career is limited, so I'm hopeful of making an appearance sooner or later.

At the moment, my sights are set on playing my way into the international reckoning in time for the World Cup in Mexico '86. However, if things don't work out that quickly, I'll still be only 22, so there's time enough yet.

The highlight of my career so far? Not quite what you'd expect, maybe. But we played a Maltese side called Valetta in the UEFA Cup last season—and in the away leg I scored no fewer than four times.

It's not often a central defender finds the net at all, never mind four times. So I must admit I was quite pleased to be getting a bit of credit for scoring rather than stopping goals.



**JOHN GREIG**



# HARD KNOCKS

**YOU** have to be tough to last a long spell as a striker in the Football League. The constant pounding from big defenders can take its toll, not to mention the mental pressure of being expected to score goals.

I've been a first team regular now for ten years—and I hope I have quite a few seasons left in me. And though my best years have been with London clubs, Crystal Palace and West Ham, I'm grateful for my three years with Derby County—for toughening me up.

I feel there is something in the 'southern softies' taunt. I don't think the average southerner is as hard mentally or physically as the average northerner.

My spell at Derby wasn't very productive football wise, but it still did a lot to toughen me up. When I came back south to West Ham I was ready to take a few more years of the hurly-burly of the First Division.

It can be very hard in the penalty-box at top level. There may be more room in mid-field in first class football, but you get no space at all in the goalmouth. And if you want to score goals you have to go in where it hurts.

When you're a target man like me you get a lot of knocks. You have to expect them from defenders, and you have to be prepared to give as good as you get. I didn't understand that so well at Palace, but I gained that experience with Derby.

A lot of strikers can last only a limited time as target men and then they've had enough. They drop out of the firing line into mid-

field—or increasingly they're on the injured list. I feel that all the knocks I've taken haven't yet had an effect on me.

I still enjoy being where the action is—in the goalmouth. Going in among the flying boots looking for goal chances. It's what gives me most satisfaction in football.

I may not be the most skilful player in the game. But I think there is always room for players like myself who are prepared to scrap for the ball, and give and take a few knocks.

If I don't score myself there's always the possibility of creating chances for teammates—like young Tony Cottee. He's one of the most promising young strikers I've come across. Very quick to spot an opening, and composed when it comes to putting the ball in the net.

The two best strikers I've come across in England are Charlie George and Joe Royle. Charlie was a great entertainer with superb ball control and all the skills. Joe Royle was more my type of player. A perfect target man. Great in the air, pretty useful on the ground, and a good finisher. There haven't been many better all-round players than Joe.

But the best finishers I've seen have got to be the West Germans Gerd Muller and Karl-Heinz Rummenigge. The Germans are such clinical finishers, they make goalscoring look easy. I'd love to have that goalscoring ability, but I know my limitations and I try to play within them.

My strengths lie in competing for the ball, making myself available as a target man, creating space for others.

I realised early how hard you

have to work to become a professional footballer. It was something I became aware of at the age of 13 in fact. That was when I had my first trial with a big club—Chelsea.

I went along to the trials with some friends, full of enthusiasm. But it was frightening to see the hundreds of other boys there all hoping to catch the eye. Each lad had about 20 minutes to make an impression on the coaches—not long enough for me. I wasn't chosen.

It showed me the kind of hard work I had to put in on my game and made me all the more determined to make the grade.

When I left school I was given a three month trial by Crystal Palace. I had to prove myself in that period to earn a place as an apprentice. This time I was ready for the challenge. I earned an apprenticeship at Selhurst Park, and then turned full professional at the age of 17.

I thought I'd have to wait a long time to get into the first team—but I was lucky. Malcolm Allison was manager of Palace, and he believed in giving youngsters a chance. Malcolm pitched me in at the deep end. I made mistakes but tried to learn from them.

It was tough for a raw kid facing up to experienced defenders but it meant I developed fast as a striker.

As a club Palace were on the way up. We all felt we could achieve something. Our first success came with the F.A. Cup run in 1976 that took us into the semi-final as a Third Division side.

We beat Leeds, Sunderland and Chelsea on the way and were finally put out by the eventual



# and - plenty of 'em!

winners Southampton. That is still the closest I've ever got to Wembley.

Terry Venables then took over from Malcolm Allison as manager, and we won promotion to the Second and then the First Division. There seemed no limit to what we could achieve.

Suddenly people began calling us 'the team of the eighties'—and the pressure proved too much. We began to fall apart and in mid-season I moved on to Derby County.

Now I'm back in London with West Ham. A better player all round—and still learning from the skills and style that is the basis of the Hammers method.

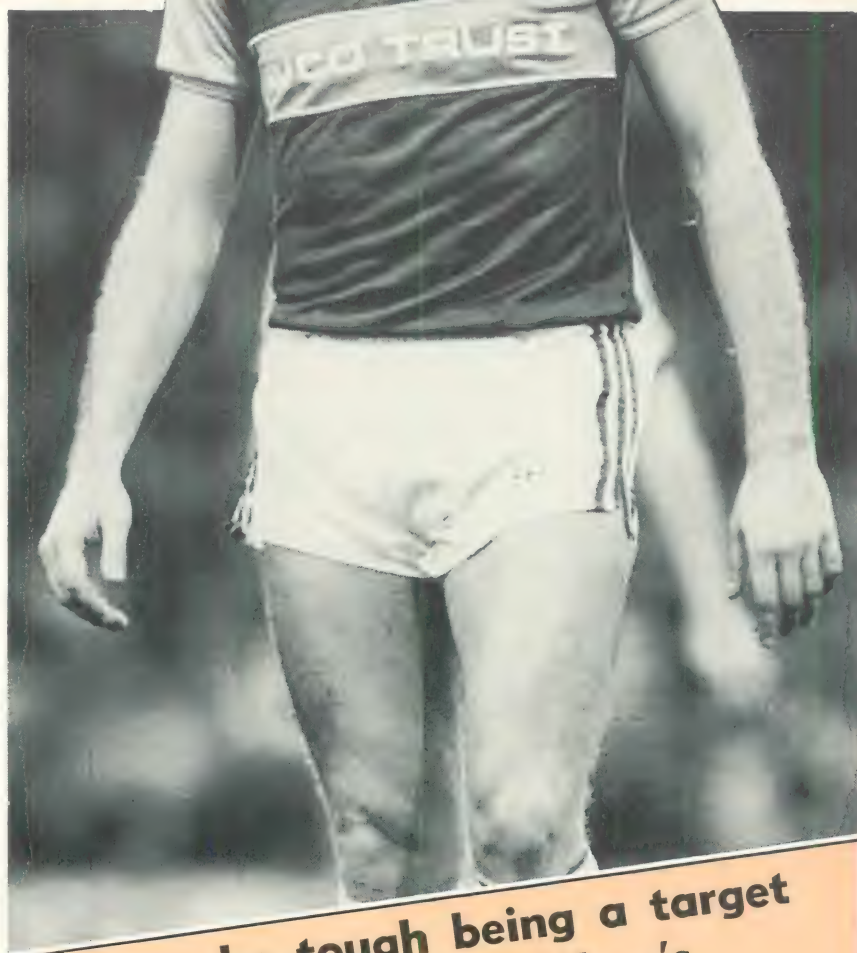
Trevor Brooking was a big influence on me in my first year at Upton Park. A tremendous player who really made the team tick, and created so many chances for me.

It was easy for me to settle into the side with Trevor pulling all the strings. And off the field the West Ham lads are as nice a bunch as you could wish to meet.

They've had a few laughs at my expense since I revealed that I was going into partnership with my father-in-law in an undertaking business.

He runs a funeral parlour and I am currently learning the trade for the future when I stop playing. I've had to put up with a lot of leg-pulling at Upton Park. Comments about playing in the 'stiffs' and 'burying goal chances'. But despite the jokes I am happy to have a trade to follow once I stop playing football.


I hope that will not be for several years yet. I want to stay where the real action is—in the First Division penalty-boxes.



**It can be tough being a target  
man says West Ham's  
DAVE SWINDLEHURST**





A black and white photograph of a football player, Gary Shelton, in action. He is wearing a Sheffield Wednesday kit, which consists of a vertically striped shirt and shorts. The shirt has a 'CROSBY KITCHENS' sponsor patch on the front and a 'Buckley' patch on the right sleeve. He is running on a football pitch with a blurred crowd in the background.

**GARY SHELTON**  
Sheffield Wednesday



# TWITCHER

That's a name to be proud of says Palace's **GEORGE WOOD**

Crystal Palace goalkeeper George Wood is a 'twitcher'—but not when he's between the posts. In bird-watching language a 'twitcher' is an ornithologist who specialises in looking for rarely-seen birds. And away from the football pitch the former Scottish internationalist is a very keen bird spotter.

Every close season he takes himself off to remote areas, like Iceland or the huge Camargue nature reserve in Southern France, to do some serious bird watching. He does work for the British Trust of Ornithology, and hopes to earn a licence from the trust for bird ringing. It all makes a great relaxation from the pressures of playing football.

"Last season I was living on my nerves a bit because we were always under pressure near the relegation area," admits George.

"It was great to get away at the end and concentrate on the birds. Bird watching has always been a great hobby of mine. The perfect way to escape from the pressures of professional football. I usually go with a mate and we take a tent and camp out. I find it very relaxing.



GEORGE WOOD —  
bird watching

"Last season was very frustrating at Palace. We had so many injuries that we fielded our strongest side only about twice in the season. I found it hard to get an understanding with my back four because they were always chopping and changing. But I honestly believe the potential is there at Crystal Palace to follow Chelsea into the First Division."



GEORGE WOOD —  
ball watching





## CRAIG JOHNSTON proves he's got everything in focus



Kenny Dalglish and Sammy Lee enjoy the cuisine at the Liverpool staff Christmas party.



Mark Lawrenson and Miss Piggy, alias Alan Kennedy, at the same party.

**W**HEN Craig Johnston packs his bags to go on a club trip, there's one vital piece of equipment he never leaves behind—his camera.

The talented midfielder player is more than just an ordinary amateur photographer. It's his intention to take up photography as his profession when the day comes to hang up his football boots. In the meantime, Craig spends most of his spare time pursuing his passion for taking and developing pictures.

He thinks nothing of spending seven hours at a time working in the darkroom at his home.

He sets up regular picture sessions with team-mates who frequently "commission" him to take shots of them and their families.

And already Craig has seen samples of his work used in national newspapers and fashion magazines. He's come a long way since he first started taking snapshots nine years ago.

"That was after arriving in Middlesbrough from my home in Australia," Craig recalls.

"I'd had an earlier trial spell at Ayresome Park before returning to Australia having failed to win a contract.

"But I was so determined to make the grade in senior football that I paid my own fare back to England, aiming to prove my worth.

"The time limit I originally set myself to do that was two months, but I enjoyed my stay in Middlesbrough so much that I decided to stay on. Naturally, it was a worrying time for my parents.

"There was no guarantee that I would make my way in football and, being so far away, they wanted to be kept well informed about how I was getting on.

"I soon realised that by taking shots of the area and the people I'd come to know, it would give them as good an idea of how I was living as anything I could put in writing.

"So every letter was accompanied by a pile of photographs. My interest in photography developed from



there. As my football career progressed, so has my camerawork.

"At Middlesbrough, I quickly discovered that football players are very willing subjects. They're always ready to co-operate when I want to set up a shot. They'll even take the initiative and ask me to do the camerawork when they have an unusual pose in mind.

"The Liverpool players are much the same. They're always willing to put themselves in front of the camera.

"On trips abroad, I've often become the club's unofficial photographer, and brought back some great pictures.

"The best of them feature goalkeeper Bruce Grobbelaar. He's an amazing subject. Bruce is by far the most responsive and helpful player when it comes to posing for the camera.

"Though I sometimes sneak a few shots when he's not expecting it, even when he knows he is being snapped, he's so natural."

Craig's camera equipment allows him to feature in many of his own pictures, so he has an extensive pictorial record of his football career to date.

"Although it's been

impossible to keep all the prints, I still have a complete set of negatives," he goes on.

"One day, I intend to sort them all out and compile a photographic autobiography. I've already been approached by a firm of Australian publishers who want to publish a book along those lines."

While playing with Middlesbrough, Craig used to go to a local college for the use of their darkroom facilities.

Since moving to Liverpool, however, he has transformed his home into a photographer's dream.

"When we moved in, it was a four-bedroomed house," he explains.

"However, I've knocked two of the bedrooms into one big room and turned it into a studio. Several of the Liverpool players have been along with their children to have sessions here.

"The smallest bedroom, I've made into a darkroom, so now it's only a one-bedroomed house. As my wife Jenny is expecting our first child soon, the next time we move it will have to be to a house with plenty of rooms."

Craig's biggest triumph with his camera was in making photographic history during a flight back to Britain following a holiday break in Australia.

"The lady sitting next to me on the plane had a baby at 30,000 feet," he says.

"I had my camera with me and got some good shots of the child. Turned out it was the first time ever that a newly-born baby had been pictured in mid-air.

"The photographs were used as world exclusives by a national newspaper which devoted its front and centre pages to my shots."

Since then, Craig has received plenty of contract offers from top magazines. But though he has had several pictures published to date, he has declined most of the offers.

"Before going into the business in a big way, I want to perfect my techniques and make myself a better all-round photographer," he adds.

"By the time I've finished playing football, I hope I will have reached that goal."

**Alan Kennedy, Bruce Grobbelaar and former Liverpool favourite, Terry McDermott, try Becher's Brook for size on the eve of the Grand National.**



**"Is this the sleeping car?" asks Sammy Lee, during the return flight from a European Cup match.**



**Here's Bruce Grobbelaar going in at the deep end, as usual.**








**CHARLIE NICHOLAS**  
Arsenal





# WHY I SAID GOODBYE TO GOODISON

I cost Aston Villa £300,000 when I joined them from Everton at the start of last season. The ironic thing was that they could have had me for nothing! Villa were just one of the clubs chasing me when I was 14 and playing for a team called Vernon Colts on my native Merseyside.

It was easy to get noticed in that team, so successful were we at our level. We used to issue a challenge. If any side in the country in our age group could beat us, we'd buy them fifty pounds' worth of sports equipment. To my knowledge, we only ever had to make good that promise on one occasion.

As a result, the Vernon Colts were pretty well known and always attracted a lot of scouts from League clubs. Villa were one of those most strongly interested in signing me as an apprentice. However, they didn't really stand a chance.

The reason? My boyhood idols, Everton, offered me terms. And there was no way at that stage in my life that I wanted to play my football anywhere but at Goodison Park.

I had just had two years as a ballboy at the stadium. After that, all I wanted to do was be like the

stars I was watching on the pitch each week.

That was the time of such Everton names as Bob Latchford, Martin Dobson and Mike Lyons. And being given a chance to wear the colours I'd worshipped from the terraces all my life was like a dream come true.

People have asked me since why I left Everton despite being so obviously in love with the club for such a long time.

I'd had five happy years as a player there. And, though during

—HOW VILLA'S  
STEVE  
McMAHON  
MADE UP HIS  
MIND!

my time there we hadn't come close to winning any trophies, I was happy with the way my career was progressing.

I'd won a couple of England Under-21 caps as well, but when the time came for manager Howard Kendall to renew my contract, we couldn't agree over terms.

I wanted to stay at Everton. All my family and friends were in the area. But football is a business

*continued overleaf*



and you have to earn a living from it. I wasn't offered what I'd class as a suitable contract, so I had to prepare for my security in the future by moving elsewhere.

There were two possibilities. Villa and Liverpool. And I must admit I caused eyebrows to be raised when I elected to move to the Midlands. Financially, both offers were acceptable and, on the face of it, Liverpool would have seemed to hold the aces.

After all, their record is second to none. They win trophies regularly. Their players are always

STEVE FOSTER



being called up by international managers. In short, Liverpool is the club everyone in football must dream about playing for.

But I had a problem. I felt if I moved to Anfield from Goodison that I just couldn't win. For starters, I'd still be living on Merseyside. Everton fans would probably class me as a traitor. I might lose some of my many friends in the area.

If I was successful at Liverpool I'd be given stick by Evertonians. If I was not successful, the Reds' supporters would say I was a bad buy. Either way, I was on a loser, because if I failed at Anfield, I'd get no sympathy from my Everton mates.

So I decided to make the clean break and move to the Midlands. Villa had experienced a lot of success just before I joined and were building again for the future. They were just as big a club as either of the Merseyside giants.

They had European football to offer me—something I hadn't known at Everton but was very eager to sample.

On top of that, I felt my international career would progress at Villa Park. I only had to look at my prospective teammates to appreciate that.

Peter Withe, Tony Morley, Gordon Cowans and Nigel Spink had all appeared in full England squads. Colin Gibson, Gary Williams, Mark Walters, Gary Shaw for the Under-21's. I believed playing in that sort of company could only do me good.

My decision was justified in the sense that I was a member of Dave Sexton's Under-21 squad during my first season at Villa. My only disappointment being that the club didn't manage to win a trophy after looking for a while as if we might.

But we had a terrible injury list last term. Gordon Cowans didn't play at all. Gary Shaw had to sit out more than half the campaign. It was very much a transitional period, too, with other new players being brought in.

Paul Rideout joined from Swindon at about the same time I signed. Alan Curbishley had been



GARY SHAW

at the club just a couple of months. During the season manager Tony Barton bought Steve Foster from Brighton.

It takes time to settle in and while we were disappointed to miss out on the cups, at least we did well enough to stay in contention for a qualifying spot in the UEFA Cup right up until the last few matches.

I enjoyed playing in that competition last season before we were knocked out by Moscow Spartak. I felt it did a great deal to improve my game and widen my experience.

If you can prove yourself at European standard at club level you have an advantage in international football. Bobby Robson must look towards those players who are turning it on against Continental opposition.

Unfortunately I won't have that opportunity for at least another season. But I'm sure that a club of Villa's standing and squad strength will be back in the European arena before too long.





**VIV ANDERSON**  
Nottingham Forest



# BIRMINGHAM ON THEIR WAY

**F**ROM a seat in the stand, I watched my side plummet from fifth spot in the First Division table to fourth from bottom in just over two months last season.

Sidelined by a mystery ankle injury, I looked on helplessly as my dream of Birmingham City challenging for European qualification slowly disappeared.

By the time I returned to action on New Year's Eve, Birmingham City were back in the familiar position of having to battle to avoid relegation.

That was a situation I was confident we had finally ended after winning a similar dog-fight the previous season.

For the past few years, all the club had been doing was fighting a constant battle to stay in the top flight. Very often, I felt that, if we could cling on to our Division One status, the emergence of several promising youngsters would be the signal for moving into an honours-chasing position.

By the beginning of last season, I believed we were entering that phase. We finally had a side which combined the right blend of experience and

youth—similar to that of the Liverpool and Nottingham Forest sides which have won trophies in recent years.

It was a blend which manager Ron Saunders has been striving to achieve since he took control of team affairs just over two years ago.

In the past, Ron had always been associated with success, having taken Norwich and Manchester City to Wembley and built the Aston Villa side which won the Championship in 1981.

Nobody doubted that, in coming to St Andrew's, he faced a daunting task if he was to bring about the same level of achievement.

The first thing he did was institute a huge turnover of playing staff in the search for the right formula. New faces such as Noel Blake, Howard Gayle, Billy Wright and Byron Stevenson came to St Andrew's.

But the most important quality the manager brought to the team was fighting spirit—a commodity which had been lacking in previous Birmingham sides.

In my early days with the club, we tended to lean very heavily on

Trevor Francis. He could normally be relied upon to score 25 goals a season, so he was a natural spearhead.

But when Trevor left, not only did we lose that goal supply, we realised how much we had come to depend on him. Suddenly we were having to fight more for each other.

The same trait was evident about three years ago. We were playing an all-out attacking style every week, which must have been very entertaining to watch.

Trouble was, it didn't win enough points! That sort of football has to be coupled with a steely edge.

Ron Saunders has assembled a squad of players which has that quality. We go out every week with our heads high, prepared to battle every inch of the way for each other and for the club.

That was one of the factors which enabled us to get off to such a fine start last term. Unfortunately, my injury put me out of the side early in the campaign.

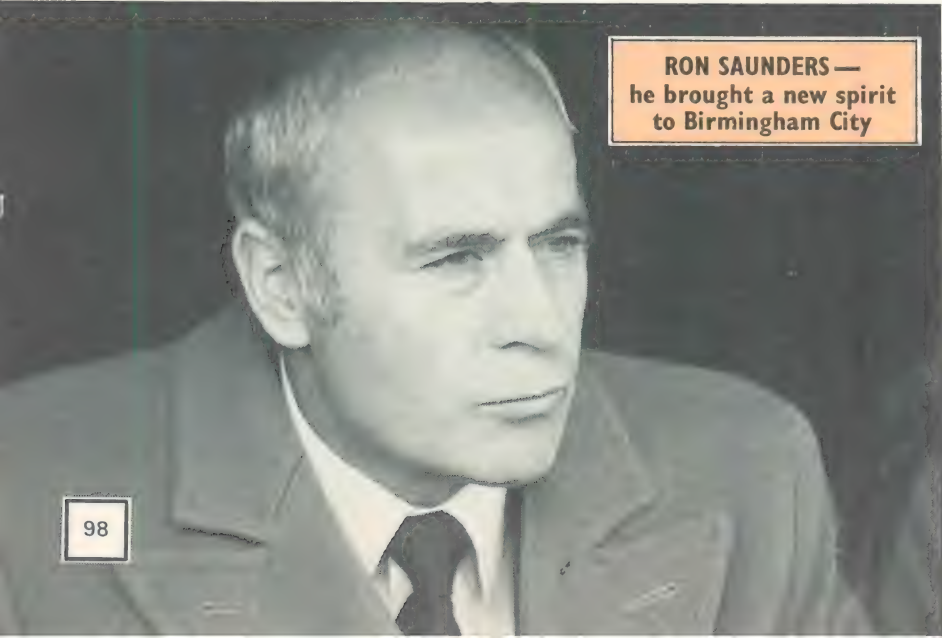
To begin with, I believed it was a simple knock which would clear up after a couple of weeks. But the problem persisted and I went to see a specialist.

He decided to immobilise the joint and put it in plaster for several weeks. Still the injury lingered, so I faced another period with the plaster on.

It was very worrying being in the dark about the cause of my ankle trouble, but finally it was diagnosed.

X-Rays had revealed that there were no bones broken or cracked. However, it turned out that the bones at the base of my ankle had separated and time would be the healing factor.

So I had to sit things out patiently while the team's fortunes suffered a complete



**RON SAUNDERS —  
he brought a new spirit  
to Birmingham City**



# WILL SOON BE BACK

reversal. The only reason I can give for the mid-season slump is that we were hit by injuries.

My absence wasn't the only one. Throughout the term, key players were out for spells.

Too often it was the more experienced men who were missing. It meant that, having found the right balance, we were suddenly back to the stage where there was a predominance of youngsters in the side.

They were certainly keen enough. But enthusiasm alone was not enough to keep the

## That's how City stalwart **KEVAN BROADHURST** sees it

winning streak going. Not until we started our F.A. Cup run in January did we look as if we'd get back on the rails again. And that was too late to prevent ourselves being caught up in the relegation fight, a battle which we lost at season's end.

The big difference between that campaign and the previous few years, however, was that misfortune was largely to blame for our lack of league success.

That's why I believe that Birmingham won't be out of the top flight for long.

I have a very strong attachment to the club. I've been here eight years and served my apprenticeship at St Andrew's.

But I find it terribly disheartening that, for a club of this size, having been in the business for more than 100 years, it has always been left in the cold when the prizes are handed out.

I sincerely believe, however, that the fans' patience will be rewarded. I'm convinced that the club can overcome the disappointment of relegation and battle its way back.





"-AND YOU'D BETTER BE GOOD-WE  
PAID 50P AND A COUPLE OF ICE-  
LOLLIES FOR  
YOU!"

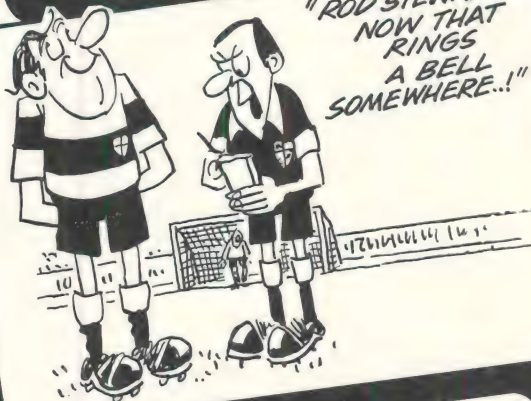


"I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY HE LOOKED  
AT YOU THEN, HARRY. NEXT TIME  
I'LL BOOK  
HIM!"



# ON THE FUNNY SIDE

"ROD STEWART?  
NOW THAT  
RINGS  
A BELL  
SOMEWHERE...!"



"DO YER BEST- HE COULD BE  
AN ARSENAL  
TALENT SCOUT,  
Y'KNOW!!"



"IT'S SMALL...  
BUT IT'S  
HABITABLE!!"



"-AND JUST WHERE  
D'YOU THINK  
YOU'RE  
GOING?"



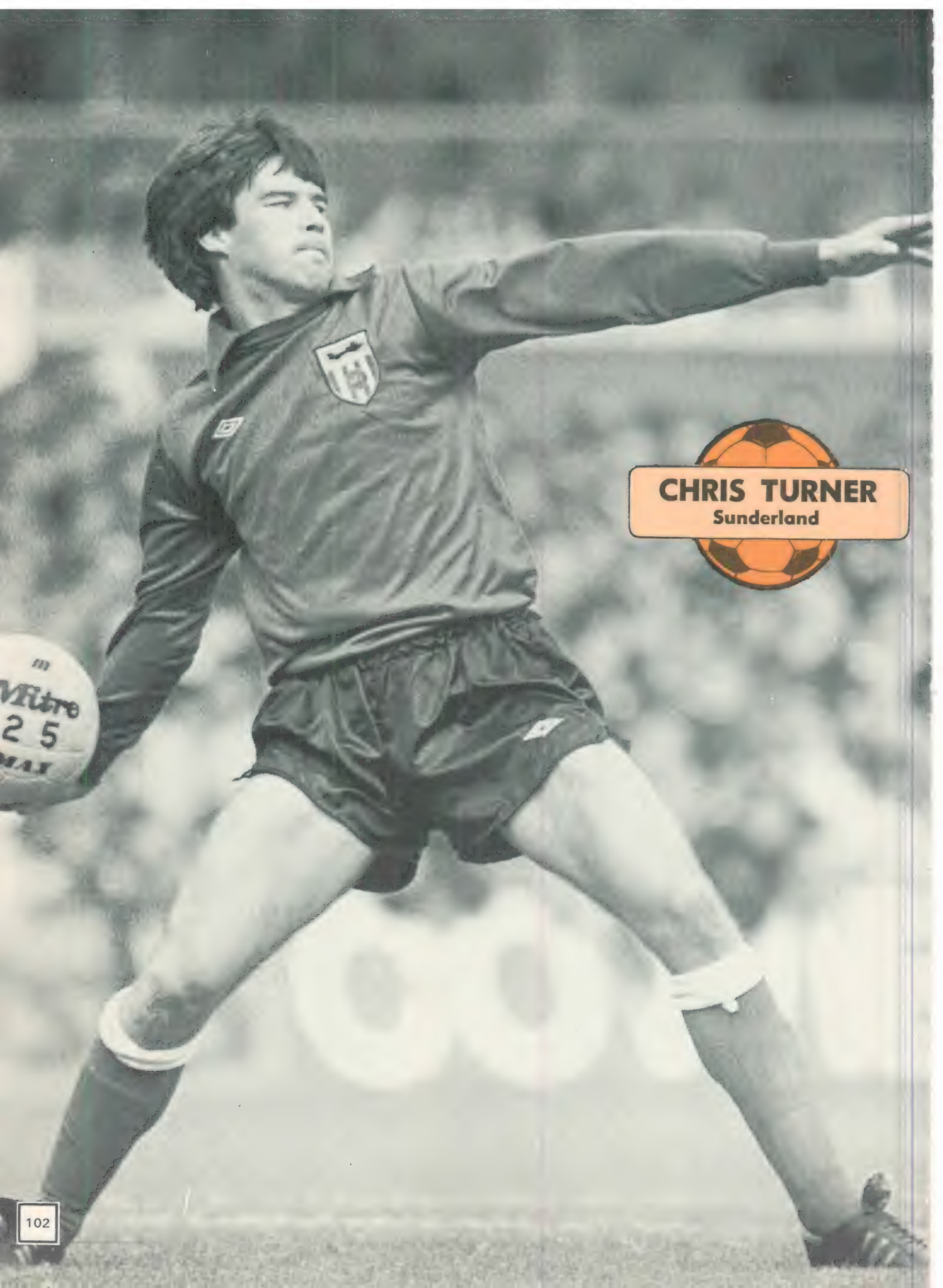
"ALL THE SAME, SARGE, WHAT HE SAID  
ABOUT THE REF IS RIGHT Y'KNOW!!"





**FRANK STAPLETON**  
Manchester United





**CHRIS TURNER**  
Sunderland





**LOU DONOWA**  
Norwich City



**AS** I walked up the steps to the Royal Box last May, after the FA Cup Final, people were slapping me on the back. Everton scarves were being wrapped around my neck, many hands were thrust out to offer their congratulations.

There was a terrific din going on around me at Wembley, but my eyes were firmly fixed on our captain Kevin Ratcliffe as he approached Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Kent.

No matter what was happening at that time I wouldn't shift my gaze from Kevin as he was presented with the FA Cup. That was the moment I wanted to see most of all.

I have got a winner's medal to look back on now and many happy recollections from that day which I was determined to thoroughly enjoy. But 'Ratters' receiving the FA Cup will be the memory I'll treasure most.

Winning that first trophy against Watford was the hardest thing for the present Everton squad to do.

The fact that it was 14 years since we won a major honour had been rammed down our throats. To break the deadlock was a difficult barrier to overcome. But it can now lead to much better things.

We've certainly got the support behind us. Our fans proved that the day we brought the Cup back to Liverpool.

Half a million fans came out and lined the route from the train station to the Town Hall as we drove through the city in an open-top bus.

I was amazed at our reception. I'd heard many times folk saying

that if Everton were a success the crowds would flock back to Goodison. But I couldn't believe what I was seeing on the streets that Sunday. For someone like myself who was brought up in Liverpool it was extra special.

So last season ended on the highest of notes for me. But it began on a very low one. I started the season in the reserves just seven months after making what I considered a dream move to Goodison from Bolton Wanderers.

Manager Howard Kendall wanted to begin the campaign with a certain pattern for the team and it didn't include me. It was pretty soul-destroying in the Central League, but I was determined not to lose heart or faith.

The fact I desperately wanted to be a part of the Everton set-up meant seeking a transfer didn't enter my head. I knuckled down to the job of regaining my first-team place.

I have had so many things happen to me in my career I consoled myself with the fact you never know what is around the corner.

I recalled making that comment to a radio reporter before a game against Barnsley for Bolton. In the interview I said I don't look beyond the game in hand any more. 'You never know what will happen against Barnsley,' I signed off.

That afternoon I broke my leg! How prophetic my words had been then I thought as I lay in hospital.

Thankfully last season the prophecy worked in my favour. Around the corner was a return to the senior side, an upsurge in our form and two Wembley Cup Finals.

The FA Cup triumph was certainly the highlight of my career. The Milk Cup Final, England Under-21 caps and winning the Second Division Championship with Bolton Wanderers are also big moments from my scrapbook.

However, I've known the painful side of football as well. The number of matches I have played at senior level has been badly hit by injuries.

My ill-luck really began about six years ago. I was a regular in the Bolton side which missed promotion to Division One on two occasions by the narrowest of margins.

It turned out to be third time lucky. We finally made it. I was so happy at the thought of showing what I could do in the top flight.

Then during pre-season, before our First Division campaign even started, I chipped a bone in my knee. I didn't return until mid-October.

Three months later my worst-ever injury struck. Ironically we were playing Everton on New Year's Day at Burnden Park. The pitch was frozen and covered with a layer of snow.

That match was eventually abandoned, but not before I had collided with Everton 'keeper George Wood. Because of the pitch we crashed into each other. The pain was terrible. I had torn the tendon in my knee.

I didn't play again that year. 1979 was a complete blank for me. Many said I was finished, but I wouldn't give in. I had long lone sessions in the gym at our ground to get myself back to fitness.

I made it. I played 21 games but Bolton were on their way back to the Second. My dream of building my career in the First

# TAKE EACH GAME AS IT COMES—



Division hardly had time to get moving.

The worry about my future in football and the frustration watching Bolton slide were a nightmare.

More worry came up when my contract finished in 1980 in the first year of freedom of contract. I was able to negotiate my own move. But deals with Everton and Arsenal fell through on personal terms and a move to Wolves collapsed because the two clubs couldn't agree on a fee.

I stayed with Bolton and more injuries added to the agony. I tore a cartilage in my knee and then broke my leg.

In the quiet moments after Wembley I was able to reflect on those worrying times. I can still recall the day frustration welled up in me so much I screamed at our physio "Why me?" But like I've said you never know what is around the corner.

Hopefully for Everton it will be the League Championship. Many FA Cup winners say that, but never follow it up. I believe there is basis at Goodison Park for that kind of statement.

Whilst we were going to Wembley twice last season we also put in a marvellous run in the League. That is the real bread and butter stuff. We finished 7th. It would have been much higher but for our early season form. But we showed in the second half of the campaign that Everton can once again challenge at the top.

From the New Year we had the best League record in the First Division. The crowd and player potential at Everton is now so good it's frightening! Liverpool fans jokes about our trophy cabinet are over now. We want to fill it up again.

That's the  
advice of  
Everton's  
**PETER REID**






# IT WAS THAT CLOSE



Powerhouse defender LINDSAY SMITH, one of the heroes of Plymouth Argyle's amazing cup run last season, shows just how near he came to getting his name on the score sheet.





**GARY LINEKER**

Leicester City



Sharpen  
your wits  
on these  
puzzles  
and posers -

A B R D E C I K M N  
K R V Y H G A N O D  
C E S S H G F S H J  
O B H H N M S S R L  
C Y N E I I I E O P  
D T A V C L O N B O  
O L R N G L T U E R  
O P A L B E S O R T  
W R A X W R U S T V  
E D N A H C A R S S

## LETTER LINKS

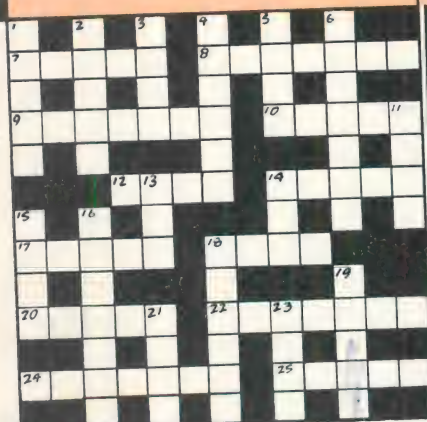
Spot eleven well-known players by using the letters in this box—across, up, down, backwards or diagonally.

6.

T

E

S



8.

Across.

- 7 A Scottish club who play at Recreation Park (5)
- 8 Another Scottish club known as The Diamonds (7)
- 9 Team Toshack took to the First Division (7)
- 10 Football's shortened version (5)
- 12 Arsenal official (4)
- 14 Exciting action from the football stage? (5)
- 17 Luton Town manager (5)
- 18 Manager John, player Kevin (4)
- 20 A fast-moving club from Vienna? (5)
- 22 Tottenham defensive stalwart (7)
- 24 Scoring Scot at Maine Road (7)
- 25 Ex-Arsenal and Northern Ireland manager (5)

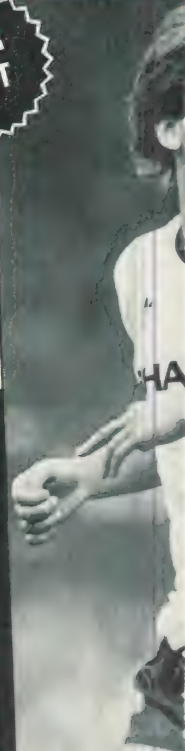
Down

- 1 Englishman Paul, Scotsman Colin (5)
- 2 One of the five footballing Clarke brothers (5)
- 3 Derby County's nickname (4)
- 4 London team that put on a show? (6)
- 5 Northern Ireland League team (4)
- 6 The oldest club in Wales (7)
- 11 Villa's Gary (4)
- 13 The Cup is a knock —! (3)
- 14 An Aberdeen or Wimbledon player (3)
- 15 Egg on at White Hart Lane? (4)
- 16 They're at home at Somerton Park (7)
- 18 Winger Peter (6)
- 19 Carlisle's Tommy (5)
- 21 Old-time great Dixie (4)
- 23 Sincil \_ \_ \_ is Lincoln's home (4)

## BRYAN ROBSON

STAR  
SPOT

- 1 Was he born in Manchester?
- 2 Which club did he play for before Manchester United?
- 3 In which year was he transferred?
- 4 What was the fee?
- 5 Was he first capped for England in 1978, 1979 or 1980?
- 6 Against which country did he make his international debut?
- 7 Against which country did he score the fastest goal in the 1982 World Cup?
- 8 What is the nickname of his namesake?
- 9 What is his star sign?



9.



4.

T

I

N

G

7.

M

E

## NAME 9

Find the names of eleven players from the following clues—

- 1 Scotland's barrel-maker.
- 2 Liverpool player's favourite airport?
- 3 Wales goalkeeper from the London area.
- 4 An Irishman playing in England with a Scottish place name.
- 5 England prime minister of the 1930s.
- 6 A Spurs man in peril.
- 7 Hammer from the West.
- 8 Scotland man in trouble at golf.
- 9 Scotland and Derby County's "J.R."

## 5. TRICKY TEAMS

Rearrange the letters to form four British League clubs.

- 1—AEEEMNORRRSTV
- 2—CCKNOOOPRSTTTUY
- 3—ACEHIKLPRTTT
- 4—DEEHNNOOPRRSTT

## ANSWERS

18 Barnes, 19 Craig, 21 Dean, 23 Bank.  
 13 Out, 14 Don, 15 Spur, 16 Newport,  
 4 Palace, 5 Ards, 6 Wrexham, 11 Shaw,  
 Down—1 Walsh, 2 Allan, 3 Rams,  
 24 Parlame, 25 Neill.  
 18 Bond, 20 Rapid, 22 Roberts,  
 10 Sixes, 12 Howe, 14 Drama, 17 Pleat,  
 Across—7 Alloa, 8 Airdrie, 9 Swansea,  
 Crossword Solution  
 2 Stockport County, 4 Preston North End,  
 1 Tranmere Rovers, 3 Partick Thistle.

## TRICKY TEAMS

1 No. Chester-le-Street, County Durham, 2 West Bromwich Albion, 3 1981, 4 £1.8 million, 5 1980, 6 Against Eire on February 5, 1980, 7 France, 8 Pop, 9 Capricorn—born January 11, 1957.  
 NAME 9:  
 1. Cooper, 2. Kennedy, 3. Southall, 4. Hamilton, 5. Chamberlain, 6. Hazard, 7. Devonshire, 8. Rough, 9. John Robertson.

## STARSPOT:

Names—  
 A B D E C I K M N  
 Shilton, Neal, Donaghy, Souness, Strachan, Dalgligh, Francis, Rush, Woodcock, Roberts.  
 W R A X W U S V  
 P A L B E S O R T  
 O K R N G L T U E R  
 O T A V C E O M B O  
 C Y N E I L E O P  
 O B H H N M S M L  
 C E S S H G F S H J  
 K R U Y H G A N O D  
 J Donaghy, Souness, Strachan, Dalgligh, Francis, Rush, Woodcock, Roberts.

## LETTER LINKS



# Oxford Did It In Style!

**I**T'S only a few months since my team-mates, myself and the fans of Oxford United were basking in the delight of winning promotion from Division Three.

But now things are back on an even keel, and we're involved in a league campaign which brings us up against such great club sides as Manchester City, Leeds United and Wolverhampton Wanderers.

As we approached the run-in at the end of last season, with a promotion place yet to be clinched, I took a long look at our side and came to the definite conclusion that we were too good just to be a Third Division outfit.

The way in which we were playing convinced me that our natural place was among the front-runners in Division Two. That we ended the campaign having taken the first step towards reaching that status was no more than we deserved.

All the same, it was a fantastic feeling to make the step-up at the end of what had been a terrific season, both from a club point of view and at a personal level.

I think we made a lot of people sit up and take notice of us during our two cup runs. We reached the fifth round of the FA Cup, but it was our route to the quarter-finals of the Milk Cup which took many by surprise.

On the way, we knocked out giants like Newcastle United, Leeds United, and Manchester United. And it took a replay before the eventual finalists, Everton, put us out.

It was our performances in disposing of Ron Atkinson's side which went a long way to making me realise what a quality team we were.

I wouldn't rate it as a run-of-the-mill giant-killing act. The majority of those are achieved by

sides spending most of the match with their backs against the wall and hitting a knock-out blow with a breakaway. But we beat United over a period of three games, and we took them on with a style which they are probably most used to seeing in the First Division rather than the Third.

It was the second game, played at Old Trafford, the highlights of which were shown on television, which threw me into the spotlight for a few memorable moments.

We won a free-kick just outside their penalty-area. I struck the ball perfectly, bent it over the defensive wall and placed it in Gary Bailey's top right-hand corner.

## United's KEVIN BROCK tells the tale

In fact, I had a very good success rate with long-range free-kicks last season. At the beginning of the season, I was given the job of taking all our corners and free-kicks around the area.

I've always had the knack of getting those straightforward shots at goal on target, so I don't practise them too often.

However, I spend about two days a week practising corners and shots from narrow angles. I reckon it paid off last term. We scored a high percentage of our goals from set-pieces.

Further to my personal achievements last term, I also won a place in the England under-21 side and was named in the PFA's Third Division Team of the Year.



There's no doubt much of my success is down to Oxford manager, Jim Smith. Before he arrived at the club, I had been out of favour with the previous boss, Ian Greaves. I reckon I'm a ball-playing winger, but Mr Greaves had no room for that type of player in his side.

His style was all about kick and rush football. He expected no nonsense at the back. Just get the ball away, then battle hard to keep possession.

I was tempted to ask for a transfer, but who would want a player who wasn't even playing well in the reserves? That was what the frustration of being dropped had done to me.

Before Jim Smith's arrival, I believed my career was drawing to a premature end. But he immediately changed the team's style to a more entertaining one, recalled me to the senior side and even kept faith with me when I struggled to regain my form.

The events of last season convinced me I'm back on the right road, and I hope I'm heading for the First Division.

When I left school in Oxfordshire five years ago, four First Division clubs were after my signature. But I decided to sign for my local club, believing that the League experience at a lower level would help me find my way.

I reckon that decision has now been proved right. If I've impressed a top-flight club enough to make a bid for me, I'd be very interested. If not, I'm confident I can get there with Oxford.





**GARY MICKLEWHITE**  
Queen's Park Rangers



# WORKING FOR

The hectic timetable  
of international  
team boss

## BOBBY ROBSON

**B**OBBY ROBSON is the hardest-worked England manager in history. That's a fact. People who think that managing the international side is a part-time job should take a look at Bobby Robson's diary. Finding a blank space is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Senior England international matches. England 'B' games. Under-21 matches. Youth team tournaments. Under-16 internationals. There's always something happening on the international scene, at one level or another.

And then there's the newly-opened Football School, based at Lilleshall, where 25 of England's top youngsters have the chance of a lifetime to develop their skills in a specialist environment.

For the first time the England manager's job includes the post of Director of Coaching. Bobby Robson is a supremo. Responsible for the state of English football from the very top to the very bottom.

It's a task that leaves him with no spare time at all. One evening a week at home—if he's lucky. There is no typical week for the England manager. Every week has a different schedule—but just about every minute is filled.

From picking squads for internationals, to sitting by the phone waiting for notification of injuries; from watching future international opponents somewhere in Europe, to studying 14-year-old hopefuls for the F.A. School, from taking coaching courses, to giving endless



interviews, from chairing meetings, to making presentations; the list is endless, and Bobby Robson has to turn down many more invitations than he can accept.

The following pages from Bobby Robson's diary are not from any particular week—but the workload is typical of any week in the season.

### Monday—

In the office around 9.30 a.m. by train from Ipswich. On the 'phone for an hour or more to up to a dozen different club managers checking on fitness of players.

12 noon—Release details of England squads through news agencies. Next two hours available on 'phone for comments

on selections to newspapers and television.

2 p.m. F.A. Committee meetings regarding Football School at Lilleshall.

Evening—Club Centenary Dinner as guest of honour.

### Tuesday—

9.30 a.m.—Interviews with foreign journalists at Lancaster Gate. 11 a.m. Meeting re Robinson's Barley Water Young Player of the Month.

Noon—Lunch for presentation of Fan of the Year award.

Afternoon—Attend get-together for England Under-16 team to liaise with Dave Sexton and give players encouragement.

Evening—Attend Arsenal-Manchester United First Division match.



# ENGLAND

## Wednesday—

Travel to Lillleshall for Schoolboy trials. Supervise trials, talk to youngsters and coaches. Talk to schoolmasters. Visit Idsall Comprehensive School, Shifnal, where boys attending the F.A. Football School will do their normal studying. Spend all day at Lillleshall and the school, watching, coaching and chatting.

Evening—Attend Liverpool European Cup tie.

## Thursday—

Fly to Geneva for UEFA Technical Committee meeting. Meetings all day in Geneva. Flight home late afternoon in time to attend finals of the Metropolitan Police Five-a-side Youth Football Competition at Wembley Arena. Present prizes etc.

## Friday—

9.30 a.m.—In the office at Lancaster Gate to catch up on a mountain of mail. Read through scouts' and coaches' reports. Write own notes. Dictate letters. Prepare schedule for following week.

Afternoon—F.A. International Committee meeting.

Evening—home to wife and family. The one evening of the week to relax at home.

## Saturday—

Morning—watching more schoolboy trials.

Afternoon—watching Spurs-Queen's Park Rangers.

Evening—sitting by the 'phone to take reports of injuries to international squad members, and withdrawals from squad.

## Sunday—

Arrive at England team hotel, the Crest Hotel in High Wycombe, Bucks. Players arriving all day in ones and twos.

Organise team meals, entertainment, rooming arrangements.

5 p.m. Press conference.

## Monday—

10 a.m. Open training session at Bisham Abbey.

12 noon—Press Conference.

## Tuesday—

10 a.m. Closed training

session, Bisham Abbey.

12.30 p.m.—Press conference to announce team.

Afternoon—team meeting, video films etc.

## Wednesday—

10.30 a.m.—Closed training session at Bisham Abbey.

5.30 p.m.—depart from Wembley stadium.

7.45 p.m.—England v. Northern Ireland.

10 p.m.—Press conference etc.

That kind of schedule is typical of the build-up to an England international week. In other weeks there are trips to watch future opposition in action. Coaching courses to organise. Public Relations jobs to carry out. Dinners, lunches, presentations.

All the while under pressure to produce a successful international side under the full glare of publicity, with every man in the street having his own ideas on how the job should be done.

"Obviously in managing England there is a lot of pressure on me. If we get a bad result, as is the case occasionally, there is a public inquest that can last for weeks," says Bobby.

"At club level it doesn't happen. A bad result can be corrected within days. An international side has to wait weeks or even months to put things right.

"The biggest difference between managing an England side and a club team is that you only have the players together for a short time before a game. That makes it particularly difficult for a national manager to put across his ideas.

"That's why I am a great believer in cancelling domestic matches before an important international. One of the problems about international team management is that there are so few fixtures during the course of a season.

"There may be as many as 50 players in England good enough for our international side but not

enough games to give them a chance.

"There is no point of course, in chopping and changing at the highest level since this would inevitably affect performances. We can only try to introduce players through the Under-21 and 'B' teams."

There is no doubt that the introduction of the F.A.'s Football School has increased the burden on Bobby Robson. But he has been all along an enthusiastic promoter of the idea of a centre of excellence for youngsters.

He has seen the Lillleshall scheme through from the germ of an idea to full fruition, and regards that side of the job as being almost as important as looking after the senior England team.

"I believe that this is the right way ahead. To start producing young players with more skill and more ability who will be able to gradually raise the standards of the game," says Robson.

"I don't believe for one minute that we shall produce a complete international team out of the Football School. But if we can produce one or two players who will go on to play at international level then it will be worthwhile.

"All the time I hope we will be helping to raise the general standard. What we want to try to achieve is a pattern of progress for our best players, that they can follow from schoolboy, youth, then Under-21, 'B' team and full international level.

"There is a lot we can still do to help make the job easier. I'd like to see built into our football calendar five or six Saturdays in the season with no League football, so that we can get players together longer before international matches. That is the most important decision for our football.

"I'd like players to be able to stay on for a day after international matches. It's an essential part of a manager's job to get back to the players the morning after a game, win, lose or draw.

"There's no doubt it's a tough job, but it's the peak of any manager's career to be the international team manager."





**ANDY PEAKE**

**Leicester City**





# Away From It All!

Most footballers have some hobby or pursuit that they find helps them to unwind from the high pressures of top class football. For some it's a game of golf, or gardening or tinkering with motor cars.


For Jeff Clarke it's a day walking in the hills in peace and quiet! It's certainly a far cry from the time spent by Jeff playing in the electric atmosphere of Newcastle's St. James's Park!





# IT HAPPENED LAST SEASON

## QUESTIONS TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

- 
1. Manchester United were toppled in two giant-killing acts. Name the sides which knocked them out of the F.A. and Milk Cups.
  2. Who scored the only goal in the last Home International match between England and Wales?
  3. Liverpool's Ian Rush scored five goals in a League match. Who were the victims?
  4. An Arsenal player scored once for his own side, once for the opposition and was sent off, all in the same match. Name him, please.
  5. Which Scottish club was the first to reach the 100 goal mark?
  6. Which club knocked Aston Villa out of the UEFA Cup?
  7. Northern Ireland completed a memorable double over West Germany in their European Championship qualifying section. But who scored for the Irish in the away tie?
  8. Against which side did Charlie Nicholas score his first goal for Arsenal?
  9. Which club won their first ever League trophy and in doing so created a new League record?
  10. Which player returned to his old team after a four-year absence and broke their club goal-scoring record?
  11. Aberdeen set a new record for the most points gained in a Premier League campaign. Was it 52, 55 or 57?
  12. Who won the P.F.A. Young Player of The Year award?
  13. Six British clubs made it to the semi-final stage of the European competitions. Name them.
  14. Who were the losing Milk Cup semi-finalists?
  15. Mo Johnston was a smash hit on his arrival at Watford. But from which club did he join?
  16. Name Scotland's top goal-scorer.
  17. Which Third Division club took eventual winners Everton to three matches in last seasons F.A. Cup competition?
  18. Who did England meet in the Under-21 European Championship Final?
  19. Which famous city saw both its clubs gain promotion for the first time in one season?
  20. Which on loan player's goal for Coventry helped relegate his regular side?
  21. In the absence of the suspended Wilf Rostron, who skippered Watford during their first ever F.A. Cup Final?
  22. Tottenham Hotspur took the UEFA Cup after defeating defending champions Anderlecht, drawing 1-1 in both legs and winning 4-3 on a penalty shoot-out. Who scored the London club's goal in the first leg in Belgium?
  23. Who were the first British club to achieve promotion last season?





# ***A PRESENT FOR PETER***

**Aston Villa's  
PETER WITHE  
talks about a  
very special fan.**

For the past two seasons I have walked off the Villa Park pitch after every home game with a bag of sweets. It has become a post-match ritual between myself and a fan behind the goal.

It all started when I began running to the Holte End of our ground when the final whistle went and throwing my sweatbands, which I always wear, into the crowd as souvenirs.

After one match I gave them to a chap and his family at the railings. In exchange he gave me a bag of sweets. They are a big family and always take the sweets with them to the game. He handed the ones

that were left to me.

The next match I was called over and again I was given the bag to take home for my kids. So began the ritual. However, he completely shocked me one particular game when he presented me with a fish instead!

I'm very keen on seafood and this feller had heard this. Being a fisherman himself, he caught a sea trout for me and brought it along to the match.

You can just imagine what the crowd thought when they saw me running off the park with a fish in my hand. The lads in the dressing-room couldn't believe it!



# UNFORGETTABLE

**Newcastle's PETER BEARDSLEY will always remember season '83-84**

Even if I'm fortunate enough still to be playing when I'm 40, I doubt if I will experience another season like 1983-84. Four things happened during that campaign that I'll never forget.

The first was signing for my home-town club, Newcastle United. The second, being privileged to play alongside Kevin Keegan during his final season in football. Then there were the 20 League goals I scored in 34 appearances. And last, but not least, those goals helping win promotion to the First Division.

The achievement of any one of those four would, I suspect, have been enough to satisfy any young man . . . myself included. But to achieve the lot was a dream, bordering on a fairytale. Especially as I had only to look back a few short years to recall when my biggest worry centred on actually being given the chance to enjoy a professional career at all.

I was something of a late starter in the game. No club, for instance, offered me an apprenticeship when I left school. I went to work as a labourer in a factory and played my soccer for Wallsend Boys' Club.

Gillingham were the first club to give me any hope when they invited me to spend a fortnight training with them, but it came to nothing. In those days I was playing as a straight-forward midfielder. Gillingham decided they were well enough off in that area without taking me on.

Then came Cambridge. I trained there and played one game for them. But my only reward was a return ticket to Tyneside.

I genuinely began to believe I was never going to make it

around that time. And that belief was hardly eased when Burnley appeared on the scene. They had me down at Turf Moor, but the best offer I got was to return for another couple of weeks' training at a later date.

That's when Carlisle United stepped in. While others hesitated, the Brunton Park club offered me a full-time playing contract . . . with no strings attached. I didn't have to prove myself.

After what had gone before, all the worry and concern, I jumped at the chance. And I will always be grateful for what Carlisle did for me. I enjoyed every minute of my two seasons in Cumbria. I learned so much about the game before Carlisle sold me to Vancouver Whitecaps in the American League.

Little did I realise, then, however, that within three years I'd not only be back playing for Newcastle, but in between times would also have had the opportunity to make the grade with the game's most famous club . . . Manchester United.

Mind you, my Old Trafford

'experience' wasn't the happiest. After a lengthy period on loan from Vancouver, United didn't offer to sign me permanently.

It was only to be expected that folk would put it down as rejection because United didn't take up their option to sign me for keeps. But, personally, I've never regarded it as 'rejection'. I don't believe United or anyone else can say I failed, because I don't believe I was given a real chance.

Of course, United's decision must have been based on what they saw of me in training and during reserve matches. I accept that. But, truthfully, real judgment can only be made on first-team performance.

In that respect my 'chance' lasted for just one 75-minute spell before I was substituted in a Milk Cup-tie against Bournemouth. I'll never believe that was all I deserved.

KEVIN KEEGAN







PETER BEARDSLEY

But to say I was really upset when United posted me back to Vancouver would be wrong. Disappointed, maybe. But I'd have felt much worse if I'd thought I'd failed to pass the test after being given a real chance.

Anyway, that's all in the past and forgotten. But what I will never, ever forget is that remarkable first season with Newcastle. Words can't really adequately describe just what it all meant to me. So much seemed to happen in such a short space of time. And all of it so good.

The goals, winning promotion and the reaction of the Geordie public made it a totally amazing few months for me. But in years to come I suppose the thing I will remember most of all was the privilege of playing alongside Kevin Keegan in his final season. Unique is the only word I can use to sum up Kevin.

That's why I found it all so flattering when folk began to suggest that I might be his ready-made replacement following his retirement. Flattering, yes. But realistic, never. There isn't another player in the game with the credentials to fill Kevin's boots. And that includes Peter Beardsley.

Indeed, if I can become half the player he was I will be a very happy young man. And should that happen the player our marvellous fans labelled Special K. will deserve a very large chunk of the credit.

The main criticism of my game before I joined Newcastle was that I tended to drift in and out of matches. Perhaps didn't have the work-rate to match what skill I was blessed with. Like most youngsters I didn't really like to believe there was any truth in that assessment. But having played alongside Kevin I now know it was true.

More importantly, however, I also like to believe that I have learned from the example he set me. That the unbelievable enthusiasm and zest for the game he displayed even at 33 years of age has rubbed off on me.

Let's put it this way, I'd be a fool if it hasn't!



# MYSTERY

## It put Watford's JOHN BARNES on the right road

I've had almost non-stop success in the last three years. In my first season with Watford we won promotion from the Second Division. In my second we finished runners-up to Liverpool in the Championship, I played for the Under-21 side and got into the England squad. And last season I made my full England debut and got to the F. A. Cup Final with Watford.

Now I just want to build on that success. I don't want the bubble to burst. I've come up quickly from nowhere to be an international player and the most important thing for me now is to make sure I don't disappear just as fast.

Some players come up rapidly and then go down again almost as quickly. I want to stay around for

some time to come. I don't want to give people the chance to say that I was a flash in the pan.

I have set standards for myself in the last couple of years and my aim is just to maintain them. It can be hard. People forget you're only 20 or 21 when you've been in a promotion side, finished runner's-up in the First Division, won England caps, and played in a cup final.

For some players it can take a lifetime to achieve as much. Some top players are never lucky enough to even do as much as that.

When you've had some success people think you have somehow aged a few years and

To help Watford to more success—and establish a regular place in the England squad.

I won't worry too much if I don't actually play many games for England as long as I'm in the squad—it will show the bubble hasn't burst.

When I played in the F. A. Cup final last season I was still in the dark about the person who put me on the road to Wembley in the first place—the man who recommended me to Watford.

Somebody spotted me playing for Sudbury Court in the Middlesex League. They told Watford about me, and a scout watched me play. I was taken on the staff, and a few months later I was in the first team.

I often wondered who the mystery man was that put me on the right path to the top. Because if he hadn't made that phone call to Watford when he did I'd be doing something completely different right now.

In 1981 my father was completing a five year posting in London for the Jamaican Government. He was due to return home in the summer—and I was to go with him.

But then Watford made me the offer of a place on the staff. I

stayed and my parents went back to Jamaica without me. They were worried

about how things would work out. A career

in professional football was not what they had planned for me, even though my father played international football as a centre-half for Jamaica.

I think it's lucky that I made such quick progress with Watford, or my parents might have wanted me to give it up and join them in Jamaica.

Fortunately I had played only

expect a lot from you. But it's less than four years since I was playing local park football, and there's a limit to what you can learn in that time.

So in the next year I just want to carry on learning and consolidate what I've got so far.





# PHONE CALL!

JOHN BARNES—in typical action.



STEVE TERRY

three reserve matches for Watford when I was given a chance in the first team in place of Luther Blissett, who was suspended.

I made my debut against Chelsea in front of 20,000 fans at Stamford Bridge. We won 3-1, I played quite well, and I have hardly looked back since. Sometimes I still have to pinch myself to make sure it's not all a dream.

Getting a regular place in the side so soon meant that when my parents got in touch to see how things were going, I was able to say 'everything's fine, I'm playing for the first team, don't worry about me'.

They were able to relax and allow me to stay in England on my own. My father makes occasional business trips to Europe, and has seen one or two Watford games.

But I'm disappointed he hasn't seen me play any international or representative games.

It took a long time for my first England caps to come through from the F. A. but when they did I sent one to my parents in Jamaica. My father was always my severest critic. The highest praise I could get from him was 'not bad'. But he helped me to work on my faults which isn't a bad thing.

When he and my mother went back to Jamaica I was still at school. But through Watford it was arranged that I should live in digs with one of the other club youngsters, Steve Terry.

We both got in the side at around the same time, playing a part in winning promotion to the First Division. But what I remember most about that year was watching horror films! After training Steve and I, plus Nigel Callaghan and Kenny Jackett used to go back to watch horror films for hours on the video. It was quite a laugh really—but we did watch some football on the video as well.

The four of us have stayed very close through the last three seasons. I think a good team spirit is essential for a successful side. Every player has to work for the benefit of the team, and it helps if you are all friends.

Our toughest draw on the way to Wembley last season was

playing Birmingham at St. Andrews,—a ground on which we had usually been beaten. Birmingham are a tough, hard-working team. We knew it had to be a question of matching their hard work and determination before trying to impose our skills.

And that's how it worked out. It was a team performance. We ran and tackles and worked as hard as the home side, and finished up winning 3-1.

The point about working hard was brought home to me by Graham Taylor after the previous cup game against Brighton.

We'd beaten them 3-1 comfortably, but I had one of those off days where I didn't seem able to get involved in the game.

After the game Mr. Taylor said a few harsh words to me about my attitude and approach, and I made sure I put everything I'd got into the next few matches.

I scored two goals in each of the next two league games, and another two at Birmingham to help us into the cup semi-final. I probably needed the verbal 'rocket' to produce my best. It's a lesson I won't forget.

Four of those goals were scored from a centre-forward position. George Reilly was unfit and I was switched from the wing into the middle. And inevitably people began saying that playing in the centre was the best role for me, rather than being out on the wing.

I'm not sure what my best position is. I'm happy to play wherever the manager wants me—and in some matches last season he asked me to drop into a mid-field role. It's all good experience for me. I don't mind where I play.

As a central striker you are more involved in the game, although at Watford we always play with two wide men, and make sure they are brought into the game. For the time being, with George Reilly and Mo Johnston so effective in the middle, it's probably best for me to play for Watford on the wing.

In the future I may graduate into the centre. I don't know what will develop. Things have moved so quickly for me in the last three years I won't be surprised what happens!



# IT'S A COLOUR





# REFUL GAME

Football as artist  
**CHRIS STEVENS**  
sees it.

**C**HRIS Stevens is a 'Spurs fan. But for the past year he has been painting the town red (and white) with Sunderland . . . literally!

The London-born artist has, in fact, been capturing and putting on canvas his own very special impressions of football during a 12-month Arts Council Residency at Roker Park.

The outcome is a series of outstanding paintings that will shortly be going on exhibition at centres throughout the country.

As you can see 'skin-heads' play a vital part in Chris's work. But he is at pains to stress that he is in no way trying to paint football as a violent spectacle.

"To be fair I witnessed very little crowd trouble at all in my time at Roker Park," says Chris. "In fact, I think too many people automatically suspect the worst of the kind of lads I've used in my paintings.

"By using them alongside footballers, however, I'm simply trying to show that many of them are approachable. No different from those who wear conventional dress."





# FACTS AND FIGURES AT HIS FINGERTIPS

Derek Buxton knows almost all there is to know about Queen's Park Rangers. One of the few facts he doesn't have at his finger tips is the name of a Liverpool supporter at the game against the Anfield side in 1974, who contributed 45p to gate receipts of £23,536.55—in Irish currency!

Ask him anything else on Rangers and he can tell you within seconds. When did Rangers last win a League match on February 11th? That was back in 1939 when Rangers beat Swindon Town 2-1. Or, why have Rangers played West Ham United on 70 occasions and only completed 68 games? Answer is that in 1906 the match was abandoned after 87 minutes due to a blizzard, and in 1907 it was halted after 85 minutes by bad light.

Derek Buxton is a statistics wizard. One of those amazing characters for whom facts and figures have a fatal fascination. He has one of the biggest collections of club records in the country, and is constantly adding to it.

"One of the attractions about it is that I never know what is going to turn up in the post out of the blue," says Derek.

"People are always sending me bits and pieces to help fill in any gaps in my records. It's amazing how many times I've been sent old newspapers that somebody has found under the lino. They have often been invaluable."

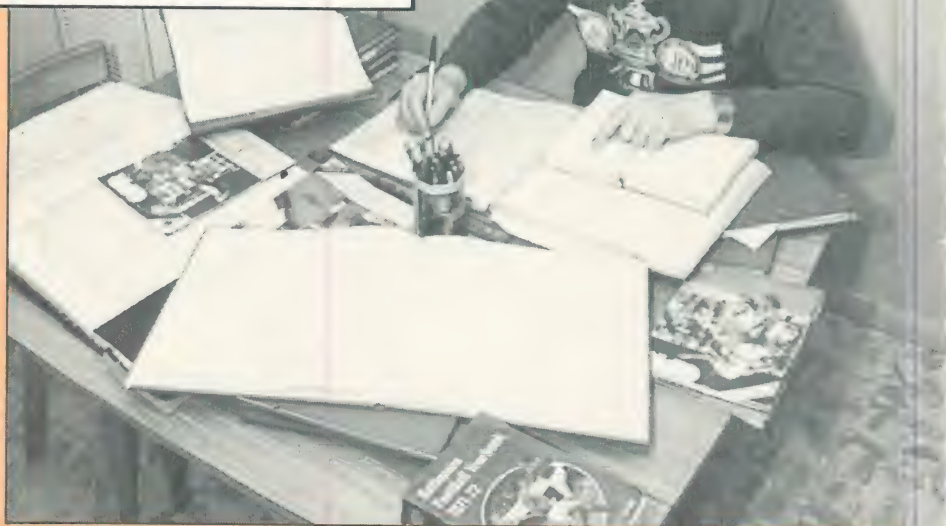
Derek is Rangers' official statistician, contributing an article packed with facts and figures to their match programme. But he got the job by accident.

"Back in 1966, Tony Ingham, now the club's Commercial Director, announced his retirement from playing after a very long career," explains Derek.

"I knew he would get a testimonial match, and just out of interest I went back through the handbooks to see exactly how many matches Tony had played for Rangers.

"I sent the results in to the club and they were used in the programme for the testimonial game.

"About a year later the club secretary Ron Phillips asked me if I'd like to do the records on a semi-official basis—and I've done it ever since.



"Mind you—I didn't know at the time what I was letting myself in for. Ron Phillips mentioned the club had some stuff tucked away in cupboards at the ground, and he'd arrange for me to have it.

"Shortly afterwards a van load of books, ledgers, programmes and handbooks was dumped in my little maisonette—and my wife went mad!

## Statistics wizard DEREK BUXTON explains how it's done.

"It was rather like getting a 100,000 piece jig-saw puzzle—with only half the pieces. It took me three months just to sort through it all and get it into chronological order, and I discovered there were lots of gaps.

"I found myself staying up into the early hours every night trying to piece it all together. I eventually got myself a pass to the British Newspaper Library at Colindale. Spent all my spare time up there for months researching the years I was missing, and filling in the gaps.

"Just recently I've been in contact with a local historian, Bob Hyatt, who has given me a lot of information about the beginnings of the club in the 1880's and 1890's.

"There's one story of a match in January 1883 when Rangers were due to play Paddington. The QPR

players thought the pitch was unplayable, but the referee disagreed. Rangers refused to play so Paddington kicked off, scored a goal unopposed and were then awarded the match.

"It's fascinating to look back on those early days."

Nowadays Derek has all his information in compact form, neatly filed away in ledgers. He has details on every goal that Rangers have scored in modern times—who scored it, which end of the ground, with head or foot, match time etc.

"I'm now working on a 'super' ledger that will contain all the information in one book. I expect it to take me five years to complete," says Derek.

"It's all for my own interest. I love working with figures. I work as an accountant with British Airways, so I have always had an aptitude for figures. I know statistics are not everyone's cup of tea, so I do try to dig out something lighthearted when I'm writing my programme piece.

"I get a lot of letters from supporters asking me to answer queries or settle bets. Quite a lot of these come from abroad.

"I've made some good friendships with foreigners and I regularly send them copies of match reports to keep them up to date on Rangers."

Derek has been a QPR fan since his father took him to a match in 1946. He's rarely missed a match since. That's the most important fact in his records.

"Rangers are my club and always will be," ends Derek.



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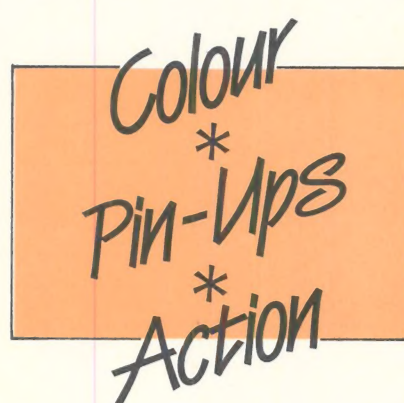
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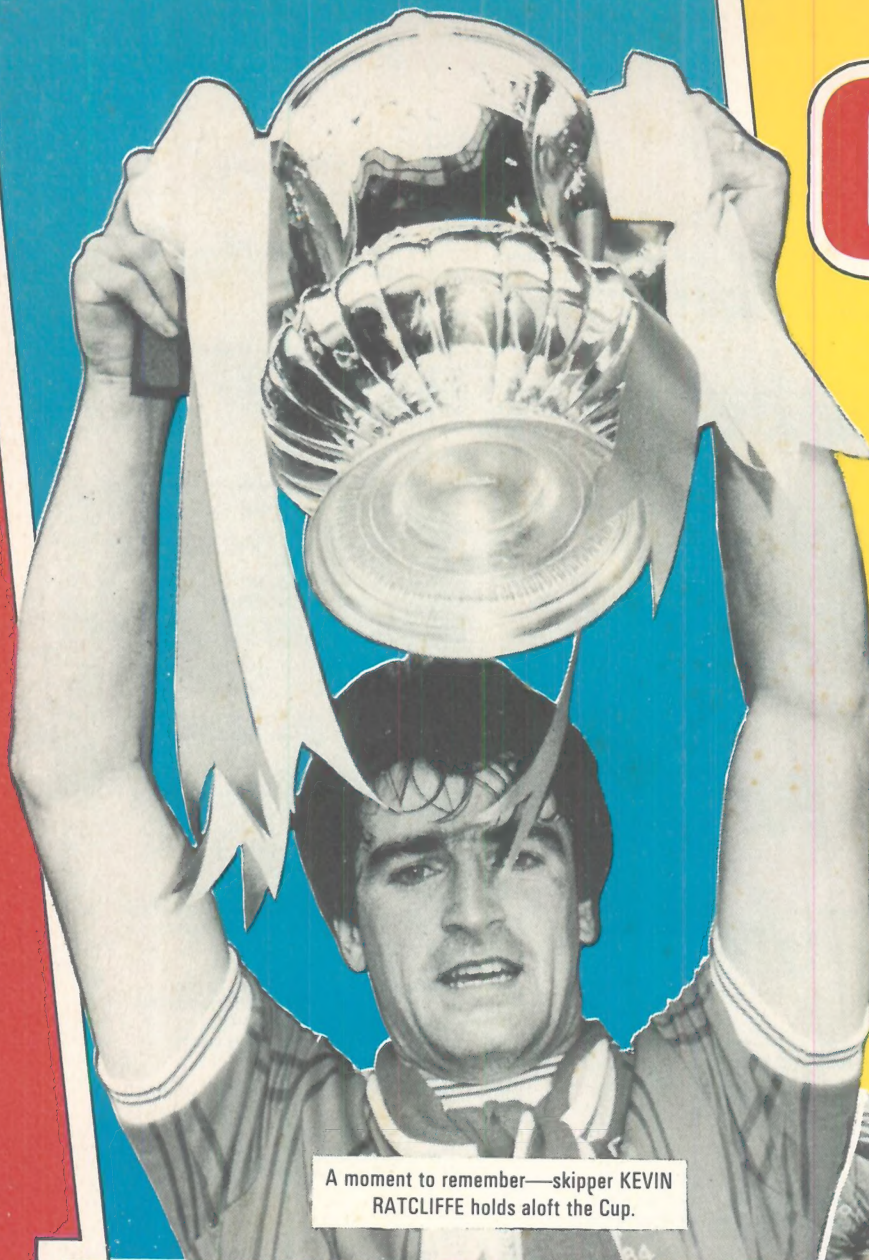
1. Oxford United and Bournemouth.
2. Mark Hughes (Wales).
3. Luton Town.
4. Chris Whyte against West Ham.
5. Celtic.
6. Moscow Spartak.
7. Norman Whiteside.
8. Wolves.
9. York won the Fourth Division championship, with over 100 points.
10. Peter Lorimer (Leeds United).
11. 57 points.
12. Paul Walsh (Liverpool).
13. Liverpool, Dundee United, Manchester United, Aberdeen, Nottingham Forest and Tottenham Hotspur.
14. Aston Villa and Walsall.
15. Patrick Thistle.
16. Brian McClair (Celtic).
17. Gillingham.
18. Spain.
19. Sheffield. Wednesday from the Second, United from the Third.
20. Mick Ferguson scored against Norwich while Birmingham City went down after drawing with Southampton.
21. Les Taylor.
22. Paul Miller.
23. Forfar Athletic.



# CELEBR

# Everton S

Success at Wembley  
dream for Everton  
steal some of the  
city rivals



A moment to remember—skipper KEVIN RATCLIFFE holds aloft the Cup.



Teamwork counts—and the whole Everton team celebrate their triumph



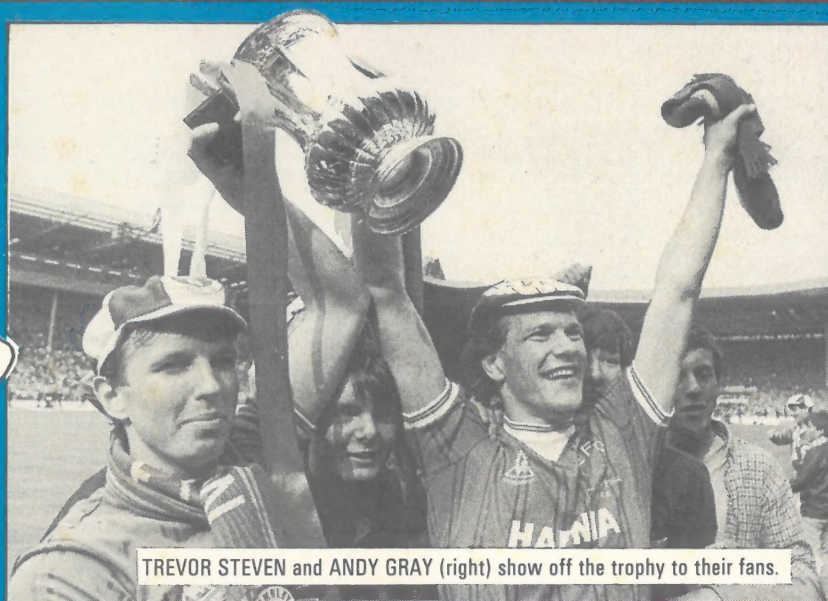


# ATION

# ton stylee!

set the seal on a  
that saw them  
glory from their  
Liverpool.

NEVILLE SOUTHALL (left) and  
ADRIAN HEATH lead the lap of  
honour.



TREVOR STEVEN and ANDY GRAY (right) show off the trophy to their fans.



The two Kevins—RATCLIFFE (left) and  
RICHARDSON—join forces to keep the Cup  
in safe hands.



What the well-dressed Everton  
fan is wearing—full-back JOHN  
BAILEY joins in the fun.



**The Topical Times**

# FOOTBALL

**BOOK 1985**

